

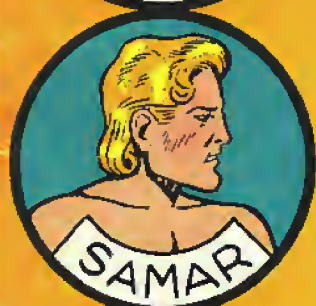


FEATURE

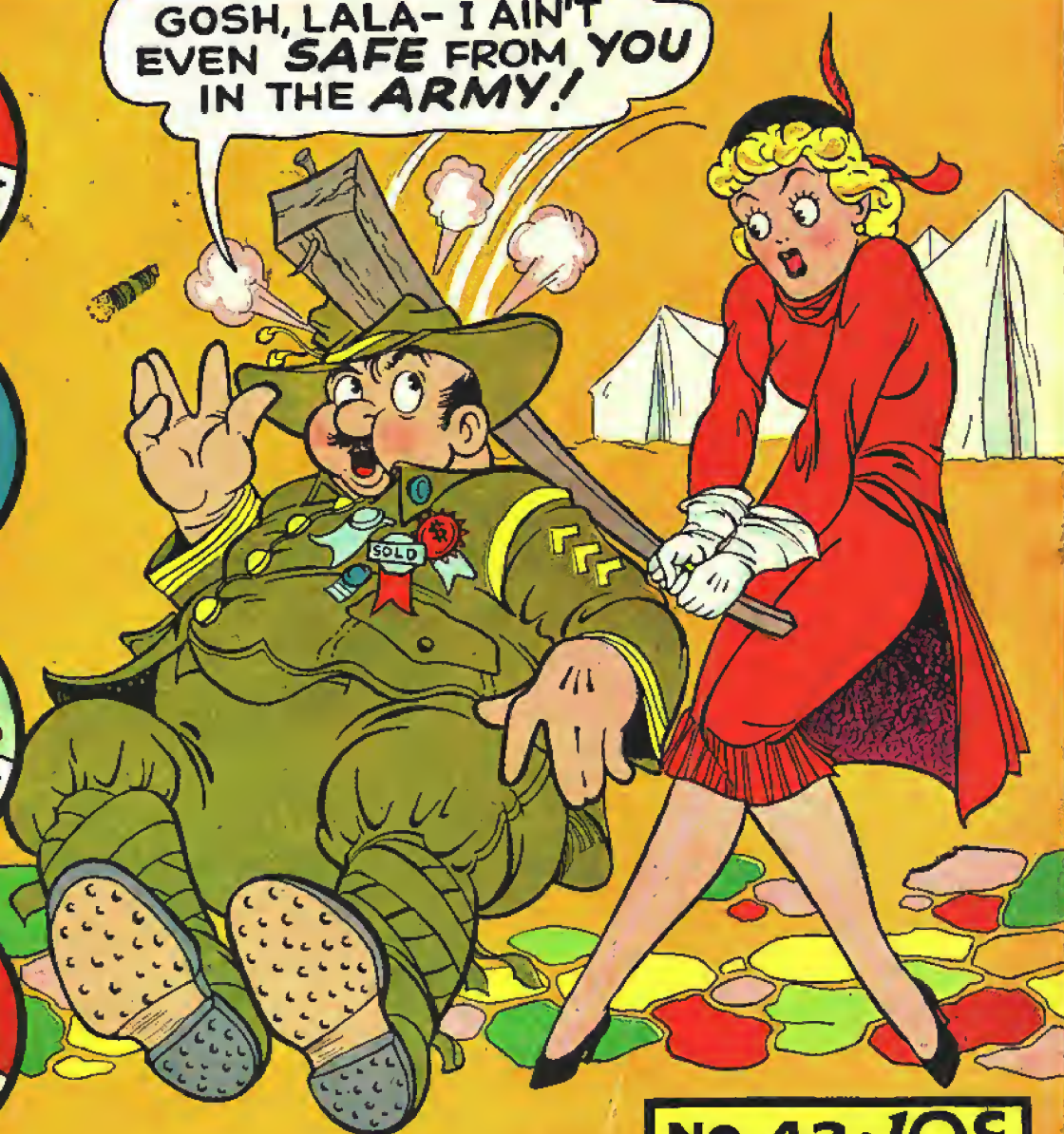
COMICS

QUALITY
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APRIL



GOSH, LALA- I AIN'T
EVEN **SAFE** FROM YOU
IN THE **ARMY!**



No. 43 • 10¢



WEB COMIC
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HURRY BOYS, GET YOURS!



Bill: Gosh, Slim, it must be great to be voted the most popular boy in school. But you'll be in the movies some day.

Kim: Shucks! It's easy to be healthy and popular when you ride a Schwinn bike.



Kim: Look at all these Hollywood stars that ride Schwinn-Built bikes—Buck Jones, Pat O'Brien, Jane Withers, Bing Crosby and lots of others.

Bill: Where did you ever get this swell book of pictures? And all in colors too?



Kim: Aw, that's easy. Just write a postal card to Arnold, Schwinn & Co. and ask for their Hollywood Album. Hey, Bill, where you going?

Bill: Backing, Slim. I'm writing a post card right now. Gonna show this Hollywood Album to dad so he'll get me a Schwinn too.



YOUR favorite movie stars and their Schwinn-Built bicycles—all in glorious colors, in the new Schwinn **HOLLYWOOD ALBUM!** Hurry and get yours—**FREE!** It will help you get that Schwinn-Built bicycle you've been hinting about to dad and mother. You can show them all of the leading Schwinn models in full colors, too—all with a *lifetime guarantee!* Schwinn is the bike that's "tops"—in Hollywood and everywhere—"tops" in style, quality, riding ease, safety features and exclusive accessories. . . . The Hollywood Albums are going fast. So mail the coupon or a postal now for your free copy.



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The DOLL MAN

by William Erwin Maxwell



NO TIME FOR PEACE OR ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF THE AMAZING LITTLE MAN OF ACTION... THE DOLL MAN.

SOMETHING HIT ME! WELL, NEVER MIND THAT... AS I WAS SAYING, DARLING..

DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS ARE ENJOYING A QUIET SPRING EVENING TOGETHER WHEN..





ACORN, EH? OH HO! SO THAT'S THE CULPRIT! FINE SENSE OF HUMOR HE HAS!



AND DARREL DANE REDUCES TO THE TINY DOLL MAN...

WELL, MR. SQUIRREL...

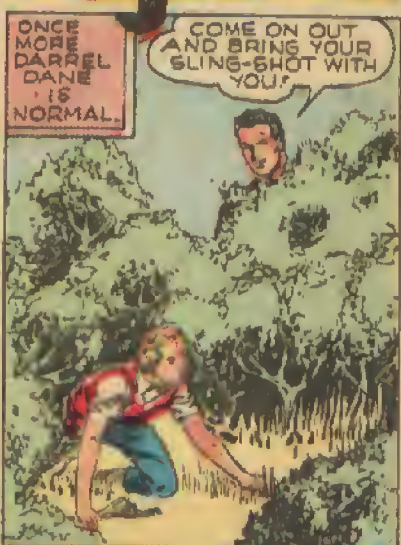
...I'LL FIX YOU!



LISTEN, MY LITTLE NUT HOUND... IF YOU WON'T LET ME TELL MY GIRL HOW MUCH I... ER... LIKE HER... I'LL...



EXCUSE ME! WHO'S THAT HIDING IN THE BUSHES DOWN THERE?



ONCE MORE DARREL DANE IS NORMAL...

COME ON OUT AND BRING YOUR SLING-SHOT WITH YOU!



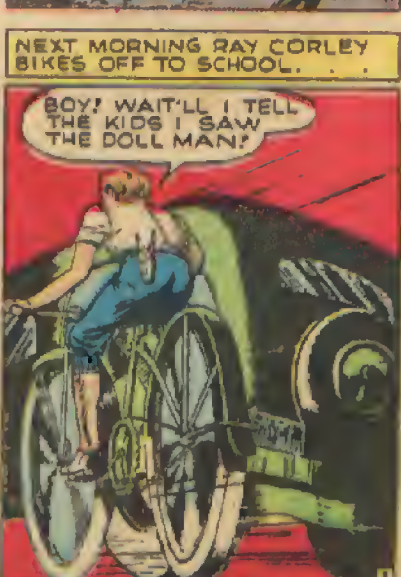
WELL? WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, YOUNG MANT?



OH GEE, MISTER, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THE DOLL MAN! I WOULDN'T HAVE HIT YOU... GEE, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DOLL MAN!



HA HA! SO LONG, LAD!



NEXT MORNING RAY CORLEY BIKES OFF TO SCHOOL...

BOY! WAIT'LL I TELL THE KIDS I SAW THE DOLL MAN!

SUDDENLY HE GASPS...

HEY! THOSE GUYS
ARE FIGHTING!



I'D BETTER FOLLOW
THEM... IT LOOKS
LIKE A
KIDNAPPING!



DOWN THE COUNTRY ROAD IN
BREATHLESS EXCITEMENT
SPEEDS RAY.



HE WATCHES THE CAR TURN IN
AT AN OLD DESERTED FARM-
HOUSE.



I'D BETTER
HURRY BACK! OH!
SOMEONE'S
FOLLOWING
ME!



A CAR DRAWS UP BESIDE
HIM.

WHERE DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING? YOU
SHOULD BE IN
SCHOOL!

THE TRUANT
OFFICER!

YES,
SIR!



THAT AFTERNOON IN SCHOOL...

PEST.. TOMMY, WILL YOU
TELL YOUR SISTER
MARTHA'S BOY FRIEND
TO COME HERE AFTER
SCHOOL? I GOTTA
STAY LATE AND IT'S
IMPORTANT!

SURE!



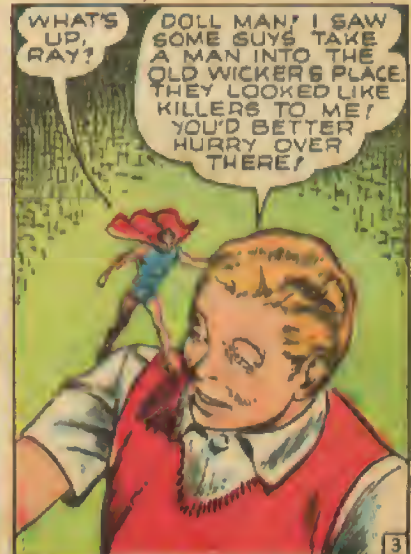
AS RAY STEWS OVER SOME
DIFFICULT PROBLEMS THE
WINDOW SLOWLY RISES...

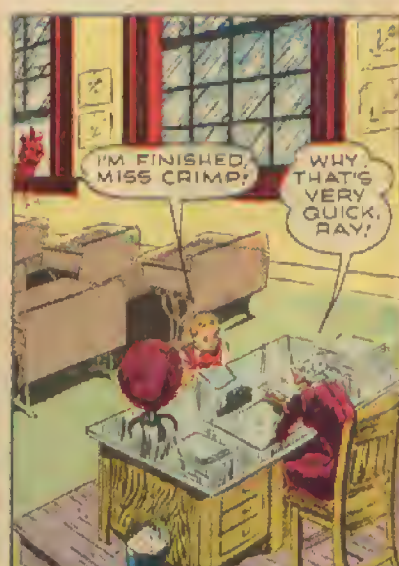
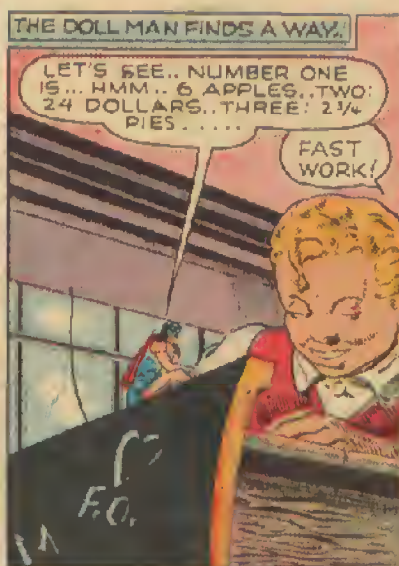
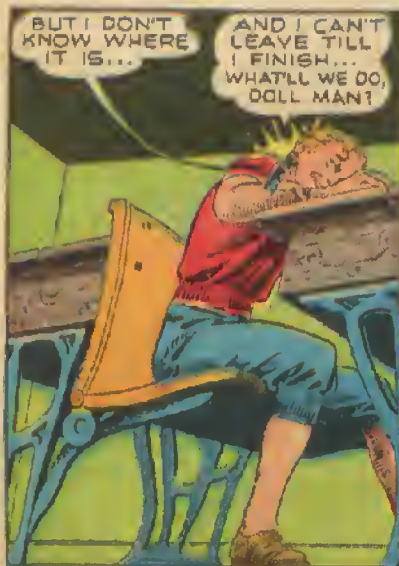
OH GEE! I
HOPE HE COMES
I CAN'T LEAVE
TILL I GET
THESE DONE
AND I CAN'T
THINK!



WHAT'S
UP,
RAY?

DOLL MAN! I SAW
SOME GUYS TAKE
A MAN INTO THE
OLD WICKER'S PLACE.
THEY LOOKED LIKE
KILLERS TO ME!
YOU'D BETTER
HURRY OVER
THERE!





RAY SLIPS THE LITTLE FIGURE INTO HIS SLING.



AND OFF HE SHOOTS.



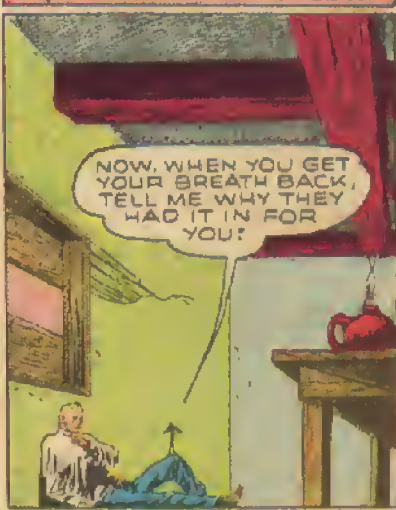
STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW TO SLICE THE HANG-MAN'S ROPE IN TWO.



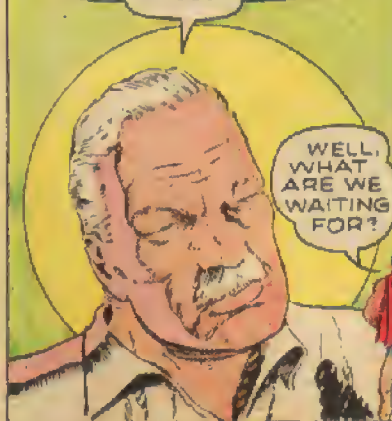
LIKE A LEAPING BULLET, DOLL MAN ATTACKS THE MURDERERS. HIS FISTS ARE SMALL AND EFFECTIVE.



THE TWO MEN ARE OUT COLD.



I WITNESSED THOSE MEN COMMIT A MURDER. THAT'S WHY THEY WANTED TO GET ME. THERE ARE MORE OF THEM AT DOBB'S MILL.



NIGHT FALLS AS THE THREE REACH THE OLD MILL. THE RISING MOON FRAMES THE WEIRD STRUCTURE IN A RIM OF LIGHT.



AS RAY EXPLORES THE EERIE PLACE, A FIGURE CREEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.



ALONG WITH THE FORMER KIDNAP
VICTIM WHO IS ALSO SEPARATED
FROM THE DOLL MAN, THE BOY
IS FORCED INTO THE DARK MILL



RAY IS UNCONSCIOUS AS THEY
DRAG HIM IN..THE PLACE IS
MUSTY FROM DISUSE



TIE 'EM UP! LATER WE'LL
SEE IF WE CAN MAKE FLOUR
FROM 'EM!



BUT THE DOLL MAN APPEARS...



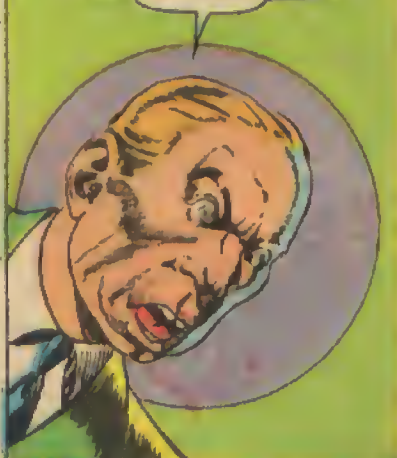
AND FINDS A CRACK THROUGH
WHICH TO ENTER.



I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL
GRIST IN THE MILL, AND
WILL I GUM UP THE
WORKS?



HALP! I'M DELIRIOUS!
I THOUGHT I SAW
A LITTLE MAN COME
OUT OF THE WHEEL,
AND...



THE CROOK IS NO
LONGER DELIRIOUS..
HE'S OUT...



AS OTHER HOODLUMS VIEW THEIR STUNNED COMRADE, RAY QUIETLY ASSISTS THE FORMER TIED-UP GANG VICTIM...



NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THE JAW BREAKING BLOWS COME FROM



AHA! I GOT'CHA, LITTLE MAN... AND YOUR GOOD DEEDS ARE DONE FOR!

LIKE A BUSY MOSQUITO, THE DOLL MAN FLIES THROUGH THE AIR... HE PAUSES FOR BREATH, BUT...



COME ON, LET'S PUT HIM BETWEEN DE MILL-STONES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. DIS IS GONNA BE SOME FUN!



BUT RAY HAS OTHER IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT



OH! I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!

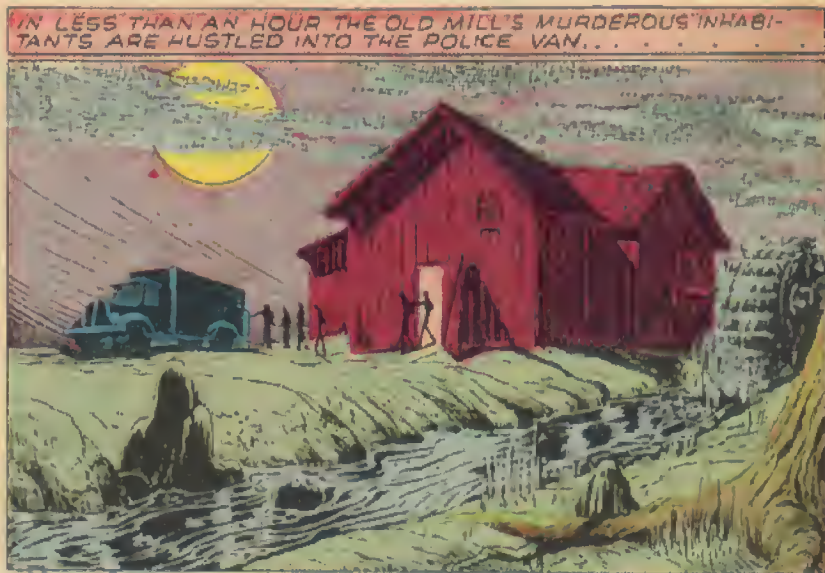
GO ON, SEE WHAT KIND OF FLOUR HE'LL BE!



THESE OLD FLOUR SACKS. GEE! THEY'RE HEAVY!



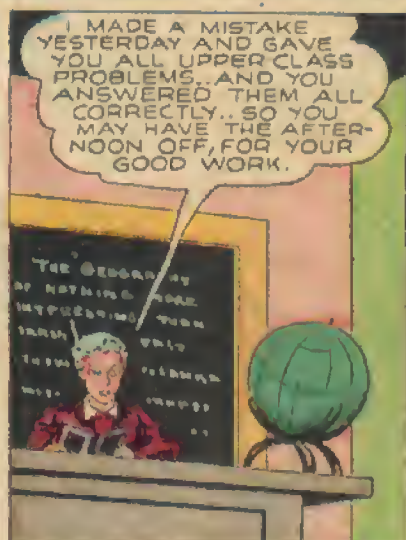




WHEN ALL ARE GONE, THE DOLL MAN COMES OUT AND RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL SIZE.

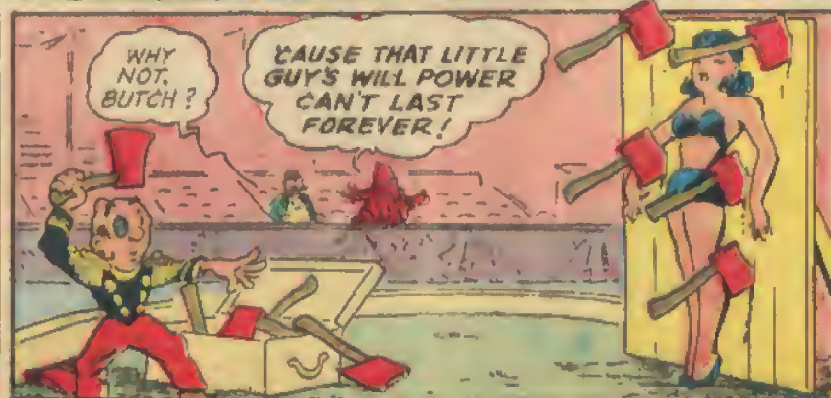
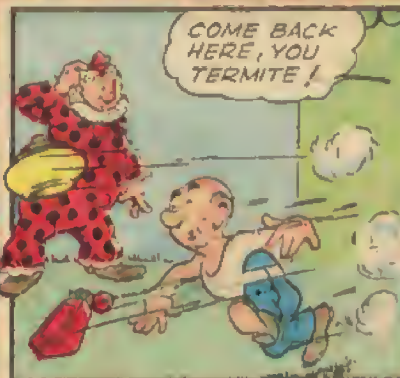
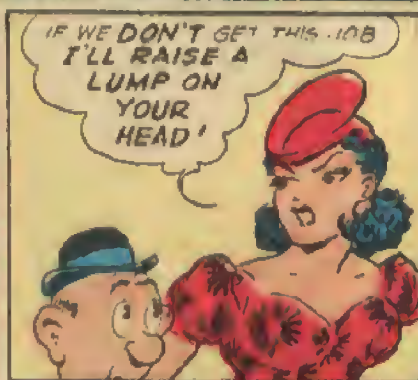
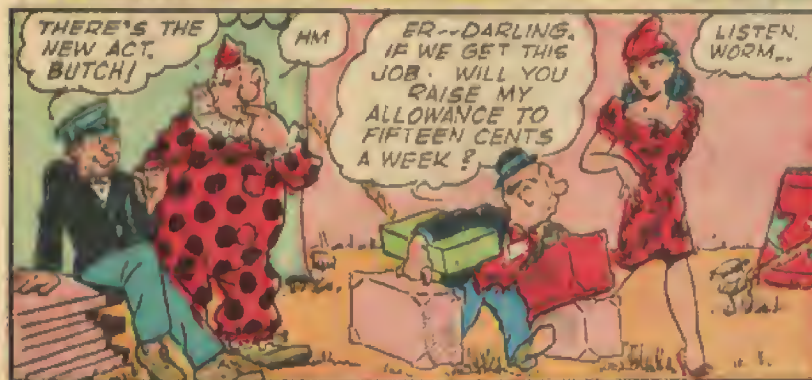


NEXT DAY RAY IS BACK IN SCHOOL, STILL DREAMING OF HIS RECENT ADVENTURES... UNTIL...



Follow The Doll Man each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.

BIG TOP



BIG TOP

...AND GET A SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT BEFORE OUR DATE, BUTCH!

OH—SURE, SONIA!

I'VE ONLY GOT TWO BUCKS TO SPEND ON SONIA T'NIGHT—I CAN'T AFFORD A SHAVE AN' A HAIRCUT—

BUT SONIA SAYS I GOTTA GET 'EM SO I GOTTA GET 'EM—BUT FOR FREE!

HI YA, YOUNG FELLA—HOW'S TRICKS?

OKAY, MISTER!

AH! GOODAMORNIN' MISTER. GOODAMORNIN' LITTLE BOY!

YOU SIT DOWN AN' WAIT, SONNY—I'LL GET SHAVED FIRST!

SURE!

NICE DAY, YES? NO?

UMP!

OKAY, NOW SON—SIT UP IN THE CHAIR AND THE BARBER WILL GIVE YOU A NICE HAIRCUT!

I'M GOING ACROSS THE STREET TO GET A CIGAR WHILE YOU CUT THE BOY'S HAIR!

THERE YOU ARE—HA HA! WHEN YOUR POP HE COMES BACK HE WON'T KNOW YOU!

THAT MAN ISN'T MY FATHER!

WHAT'S THIS? YOU TELLA ME, THE MAN YOU COME IN WITH—HE'S **NOT** YOUR PAPA?

NAW! I JUST MET HIM ON THE STREET..

...AND HE ASKED ME IF I WANTED A **FREE** HAIRCUT!

RANCE KEANE

BLACK TWISTING CLOUDS AND A RAVING WIND HOUND THE SCHOONER WHITE WING ON HER RUN HOME...WHILE RANCE KEANE AND HIS FRIENDS PEEWEE LEE AND HARVEY TOPPING ARE SNUG AND SAFE ABOARD THEIR STOUT SHIP, A STRANGE, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE HUMAN DRAMA COMES TO A STUNNING CONCLUSION IN THE TORMENTED AIR ABOVE THEM.....!

WILL ARTHUR



THERE'S A SCHOONER BELOW! THEY MAY PICK HER UP!

IT'D BE SUICIDE TO LAND NOW! WE'LL HAVE TO COME BACK, AH-RAH-AM-ID!



ON DECK OF THE EXPEDITION SHIP WHITE WING, RANCE KEANE IS JUST RELIEVING PEEWEE WHO HAS BEEN ON WATCH.....

I'LL BE A THREE-HORNED COW, RANCE, IF THERE AIN'T A MERMAID SLOSHING AROUND!

WHAT!



ALL HANDS ON DECK, RANCE HAS GONE AND DOVE OVERBOARD AFTER A MERMAID!



MINUTES AFTERWARD....

I THINK WE GOT HER IN TIME, HARVEY!

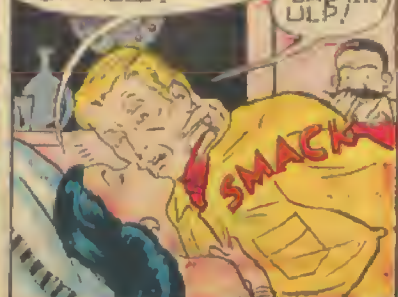
BOY, YOU SURE THINK QUICKLY RANCE!



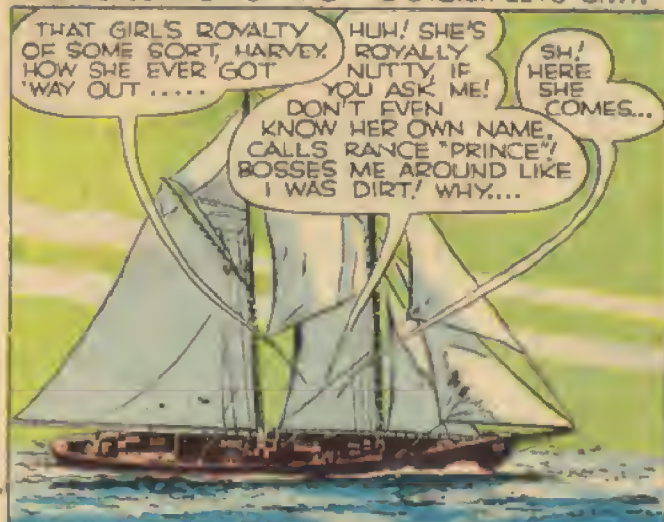
ABOUT THREE HOURS LATER, IN RANCE'S CABIN, THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERIOUS STRANGER SNAPS OUT OF IT... MUCH TO RANCE'S EMBARRASSMENT.....

MY PRINCE! I KNEW YOUR LOVE WOULD BRING YOU TO ME IN MY HOUR OF NEED!

BLUB! TWULP! NOW LOOK, LADY... ULP!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE STORM LETS UP...

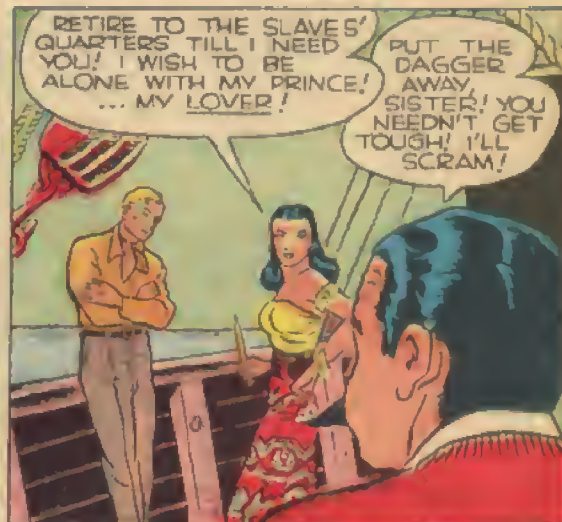


THAT GIRL'S ROYALTY
OF SOME SORT, HARVEY.
HOW SHE EVER GOT
'WAY OUT

HUH! SHE'S
ROYALLY
NUTTY IF
YOU ASK ME!

SH!
HERE
SHE
COMES...

DON'T EVEN
KNOW HER OWN NAME,
CALLS RANCE "PRINCE",
BOSSSES ME AROUND LIKE
I WAS DIRT! WHY...



RETIRE TO THE SLAVES'
QUARTERS TILL I NEED
YOU! I WISH TO BE
ALONE WITH MY PRINCE!
... MY LOVER!

PUT THE
DAGGER
AWAY,
SISTER! YOU
NEEDN'T GET
TOUGH! I'LL
SCRAM!



LOOK, LADY...
I'M NOT YOUR
LOVER! I NEVER
SAW YOU BEFORE,
AND BES!...

WHAT?
YOU DENY
WE ARE TO
BE MARRIED
AT THE FULL
MOON?



HEY!



CUT THAT
STUFF OUT,
YOU LITTLE
SPITFIRE!

I TOLD YA!
SHE'S CRAZIER!
A LOCO STEER!



MAN ADRIET
IN A BOAT!

THIS SILLY OCEAN
SEEMS TO BE
LITTERED WITH
MITCHHIKERS!

A SAILOR HELPS THE MAN
FROM THE RUBBER AIRPLANE
LIFEBOAT UP TO THE DECK.



TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT!
ALL LOST
BUT ME!
AEROPLANE...



DON'T TRY TO
TALK NOW, CHUM.
REST UP FIRST....



YOU KNOW, SHEBA, I DON'T TRUST THAT GENT SOMEHOW. THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT HIM...

SILENCE, SLAVE!... IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER! I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE....

RANCE MAKES THE SECOND CASTAWAY COMFORTABLE IN A BUNK AND LEAVES HIM... ONLY MINUTES LATER....

I THOUGHT THAT HAIRPIN WAS SO FEEBLE HE COULDN'T WIGGLE!

THIS LITTLE BLAZE WILL DISTRACT THEM WHILE I GO AFTER THE PRINCESS!



WHY YOU ARSONICAL MANIAC, YOU'LL BURN THE BOTTOM OUT AND DROWN US IF YOU... !?



WHITE PIG!

OWFGH!

LEAVING PEEWEE WRITHING IN AGONY, AH-AM-ID THE CASTAWAY RUSHES TO THE RADIO ROOM AND RAPS OUT A MESSAGE... WHICH IS RECEIVED...



AH-AM-ID SAYS PRINCESS BUTAYANAH IS ABOARD THAT SCHOONER! WE RETURN NOW!



MEANWHILE, RANCE KEANE PROWLING UNEASILY BELOW DECKS DISCOVERS.....

OF COURSE! THAT SNEAKY CUSTOMER WAS AFTER THE GIRL! I MIGHT'VE KNOWN.....



I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK I'M BEING INHOSPITABLE!



WOOP! SORRY YOU HAD TO GET IT TOO, SISTER, BUT IT COULDN'T BE HELPED... COME TO THINK OF IT, IT MAY KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO YOU!

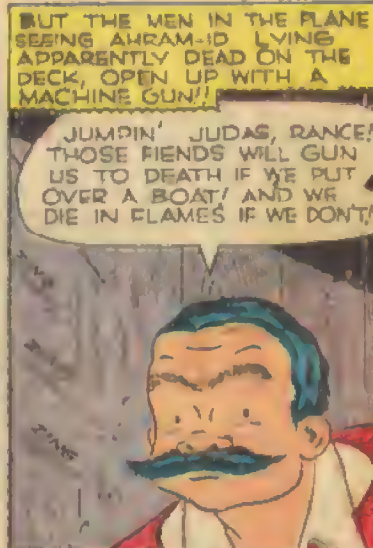


FIRE! FIRE! RANCE... THE WHOLE CARGO HOLD'S ALL ON FIRE!



IN THE MIDST OF THE CONFUSION ABOARD THE WHITE WING, THE SEAPLANE ROARS UP.....

WE'RE SAVED, RANCE! LOOK... A PLANE!



BUT THE MEN IN THE PLANE SEEING AHAM-ID LYING APPARENTLY DEAD ON THE DECK, OPEN UP WITH A MACHINE GUN!!

JUMPIN' JUDAS, RANCE! THOSE FIENDS WILL GUN US TO DEATH IF WE PUT OVER A BOAT! AND WE DIE IN FLAMES IF WE DON'T!

YELLING FOR HARVEY TOPPING TO SEND OUT AN SOS, RANCE SPRINTS FOR THE WHALING GUN MOUNTED ON THE WHITE WING'S FOREDECK....



GET THAT DECK HACKED THROUGH JUST ENOUGH SO I CAN TILT THIS BABY UP!



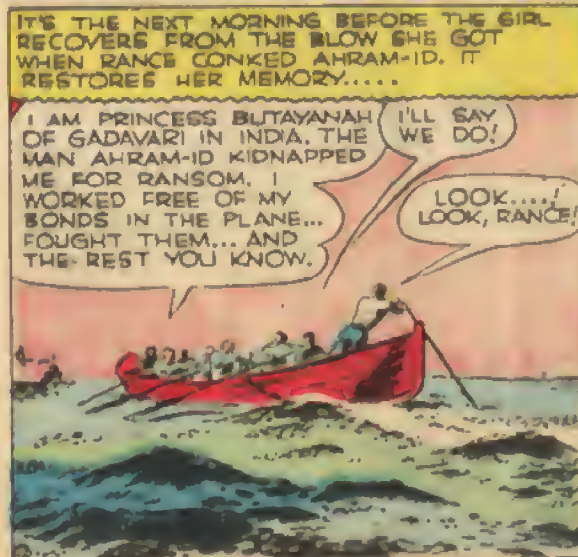
ZING

RANCE AIMS... THEN FIRES THE GUN, AND THE WHALE HARPOON HITS THE PLANE'S UNDERSIDE SQUARELY....



LOWER THE LIFEBOAT!

CRASH

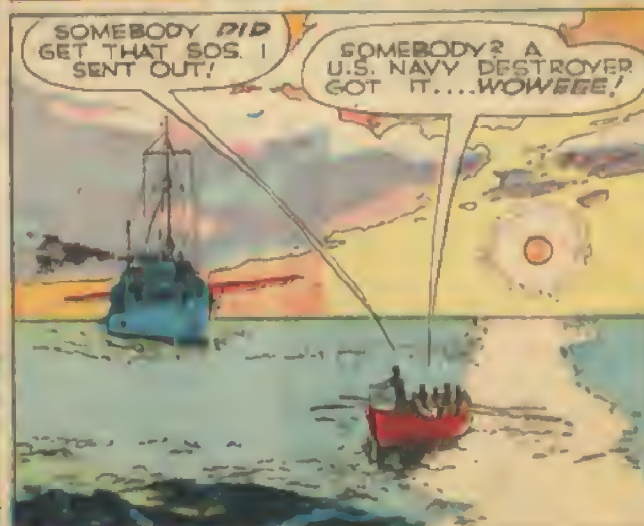


IT'S THE NEXT MORNING BEFORE THE GIRL RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW SHE GOT WHEN RANCE CONKED AHAM-ID, IT RESTORES HER MEMORY....

I AM PRINCESS BUTAYANAH OF GADAVARI IN INDIA. THE MAN AHAM-ID KIDNAPPED ME FOR RANSOM. I WORKED FREE OF MY BONDS IN THE PLANE... FOUGHT THEM... AND THE REST YOU KNOW.

I'LL SAY WE DO!

LOOK....! LOOK, RANCE!

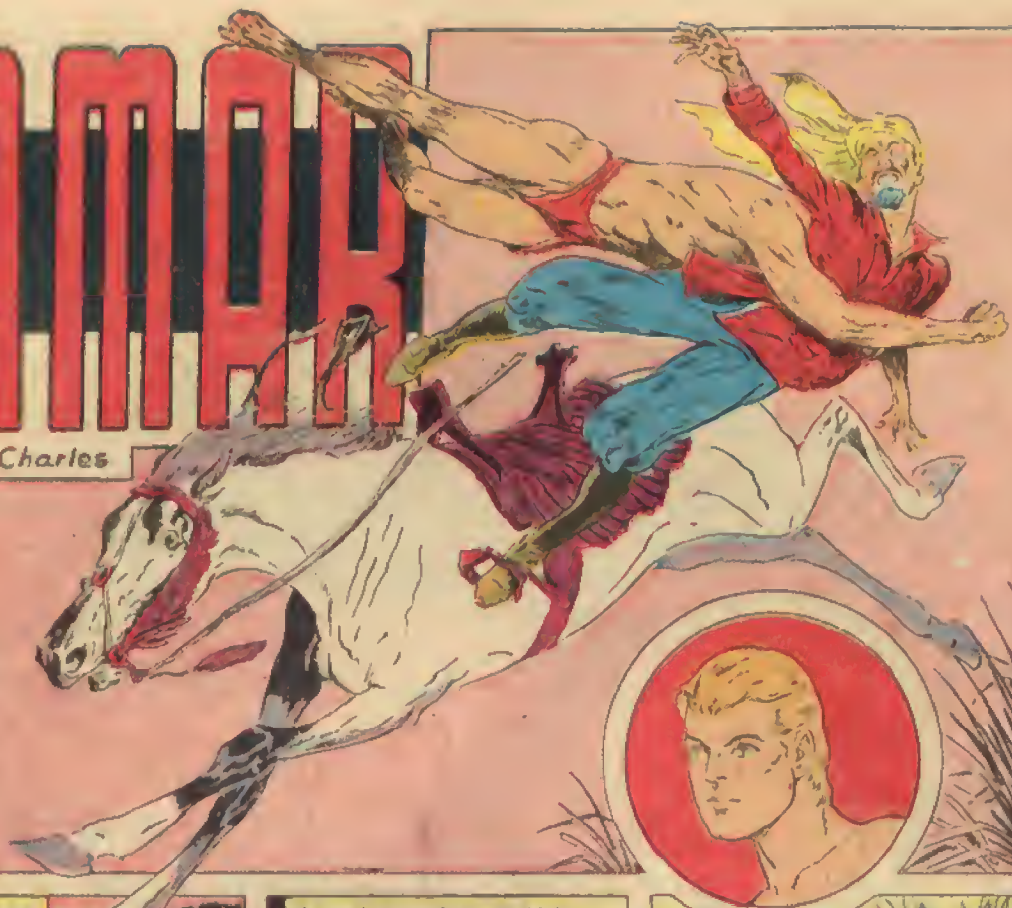


SOMEBODY DID GET THAT SOS. I SENT OUT!

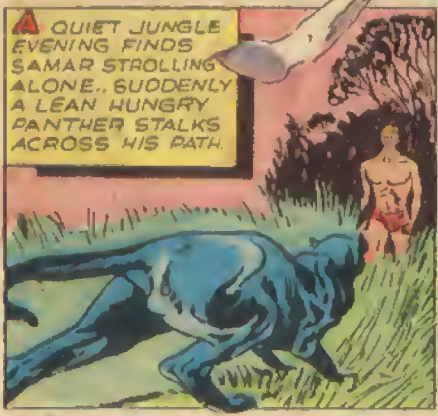
SOMEBODY? A U.S. NAVY DESTROYER GOT IT....WOWEEE!

SAMAR

BY John Charles



A QUIET JUNGLE EVENING FINDS SAMAR STROLLING ALONE.. SUDDENLY A LEAN HUNGRY PANTHER STALKS ACROSS HIS PATH.



SAMAR STANDS HIS GROUND, WEAPONLESS AND UNAFRAID.. HE GAZES FIXEDLY INTO THE BEAST'S CRUEL EYES..



HYPNOTIZED, THE CAT SLINKS BACK INTO THE BRUSH.

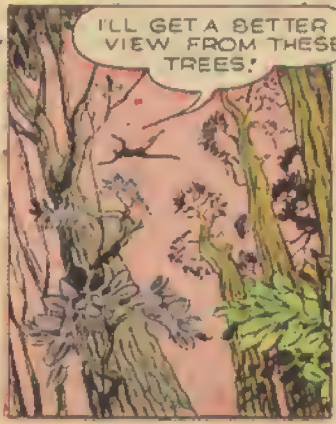


A SHORT WHILE LATER..

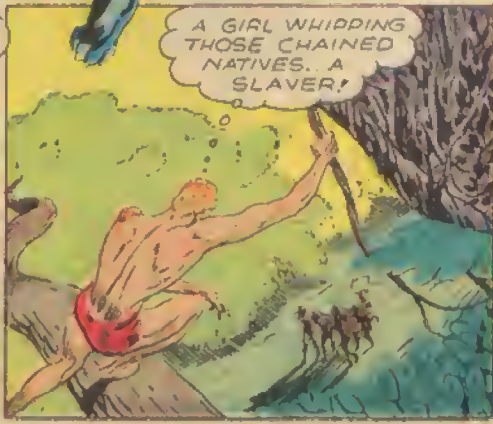
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



I'LL GET A BETTER VIEW FROM THESE TREES!



A GIRL WHIPPING THOSE CHAINED NATIVES. A SLAVER!



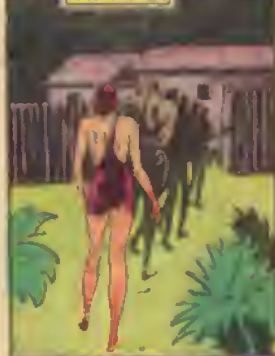
CRUELLY, WITH WHIP
AND BITING WORDS
SHE FORCES HER
CAPTIVES ON....



AND THE BEATEN MEN MAKE NO
EFFORT TO RESIST. SAMAR
FOLLOWS THE STRANGE PROCESSION.



THEY ENTER A SMALL
KRAAL.



INSIDE

BUT, ALINA,
ALL RIGHT, I
CAN'T ARGUE
WITH YOU!

DON'T TRY TO BEAT
DOWN MY PRICE, HAJI.
FOR THE BEST
SLAVES IN AFRICA
YOU CAN PAY MORE
THAN THAT!



MY HAJI, WHOSE CARAVAN
DID YOU STEAL THESE FROM?
I SHOULD HAVE ASKED
FOR MORE!



SAMAR WAITS UNTIL NIGHT-
FALL. THEN HE NEARS THE
CAPTIVES' PRISON.



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY
TO KEEP YOU
QUIET!



HERE, YOU MEN ARE
FREE.. NOW TELL ME
ALL ABOUT IT!



BUT THE MUTE NATIVES
OFFER ONLY A BLANK
STARE.



HYPNOTIZED, EH? I'LL
GET YOU OUT OF
IT!



FREE FROM THE TRANCE,
THEY THANK HIM PROFUSE-
LY BEFORE THEY RACE
FOR THEIR FOREST HOMES.





I'LL FIND THAT GIRL.. SHE'S THE ROOT OF THIS EVIL!



THERE'S THAT SOUND AGAIN.. A WHIP LASH!



SO THAT'S HOW SHE CATCHES HER SLAVES! I'LL PUT A STOP TO THIS!



LOOK AT ME, YOU BLACK DOG! LOOK AT ME, I SAY!



STOP THAT!

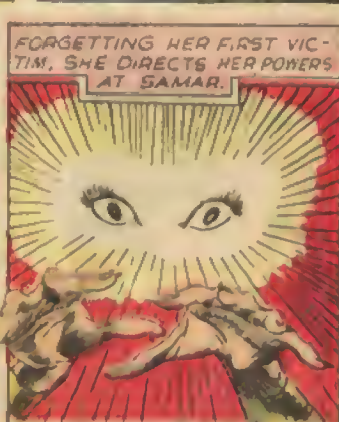


ALINA TURNS ANGRILY THEN SHE TAKES A SECOND LOOK.



WHAT A HANDSOME ROGUE! HE'LL BRING A FINE PRICE!

COME HERE!



FORGETTING HER FIRST VICTIM, SHE DIRECTS HER POWERS AT SAMAR.



BUT HIS SUPERIOR GAZE RENDERS HER HELPLESS AND DEFEATED.



AND SAMAR FINDS THAT HE HAS A "SHADOW".



YOU CAN'T COME WITH ME!

BUT I WANT TO.. AND I AM!



IT IS USELESS TO TRY TO CHANGE HER MIND

COME ON THEN AND I HOPE YOU'LL BE SOME HELP TO ME!

A FEW HOURS LATER THEY PAUSE TO REST



LOOK BELOW!
ISN'T THAT YOUR
FRIEND HAJI?

YES.



...AND AREN'T THEY
THE SLAVES YOU
SOLD HIM?
WHERE IS HE
GOING,
ALINA?



HE GOES TO DOKHARA ON
THE NORTH COAST,
WHERE
SLAVE MERCHANTS
PAY THE
BEST
PRICE!



YOU STOP THEM, ALINA. TELL
HAJI HE MUST FOLLOW TANA
PASS. SAY THE BRIDGE IS
WASHED OUT!



THE GIRL OBEYS TO THE LETTER

NO!
HAJI!
YOU
MUST
TURN
BACK!



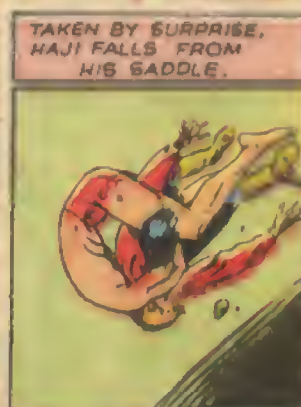
BECAUSE HAJI KNOWS HER, HE
SUSPECTS NO TREACHERY. HIS
PARTY READILY CHANGES ITS ROUTE



GOOD! THE PASS IS
SO NARROW THAT
THEY'LL BE HEMMED
IN!



YOU'LL
NEVER
KNOW
WHAT
HIT YOU!



TAKEN BY SURPRISE,
HAJI FALLS FROM
HIS SADDLE.

HIS LOUD CRIES PUNCTUATED
BY SAMAR'S BLOWS ATTRACT
HIS MEN.



WHO COME TO HIS AID, EVIL
GLINTS IN THEIR EYES, ..
DEADLY WEAPONS IN THEIR
HANDS.



THEIR SUPERIOR NUMBERS TRIUMPH. THAT
NIGHT SAMAR SITS ALONE OUTSIDE THE
CAMP OF HAJI.. A CAPTIVE.

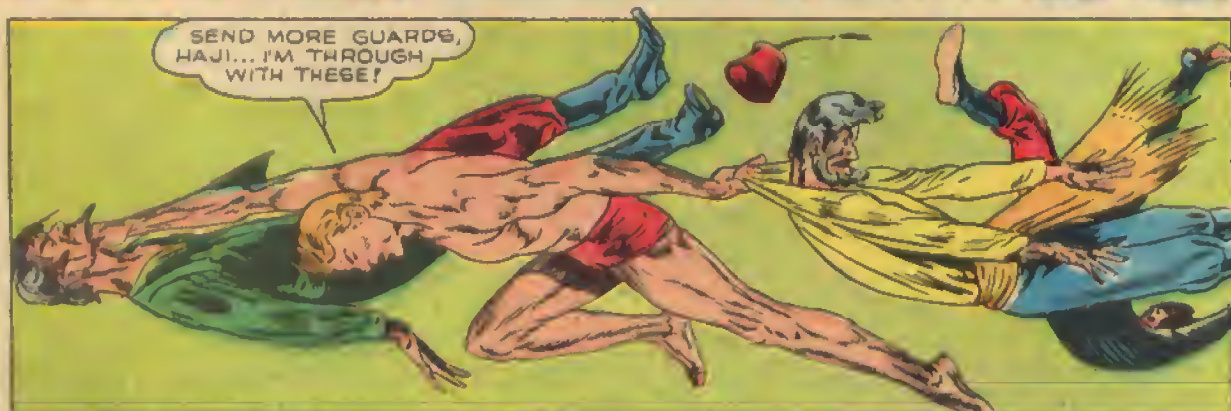


I WONDER
WHERE
ALINA
IS?

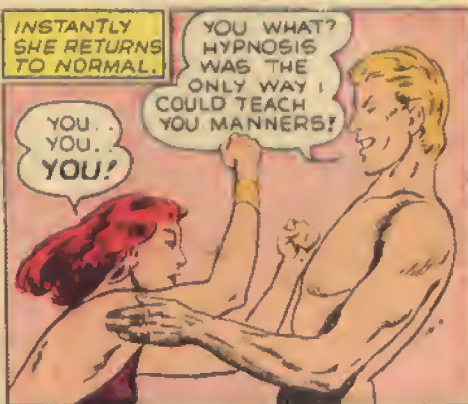
BUT ALINA, STILL UNDER SAMAR'S HYPNOTIC POWER, COMES TO HIS AID.



BUT HAJI HAS SEEN THIS PROCEDURE



THE FREED SLAVES OVERWHELM ALINA WITH THEIR GRATITUDE.. IN HER TRANCE SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.





REYNOLDS

OF THE

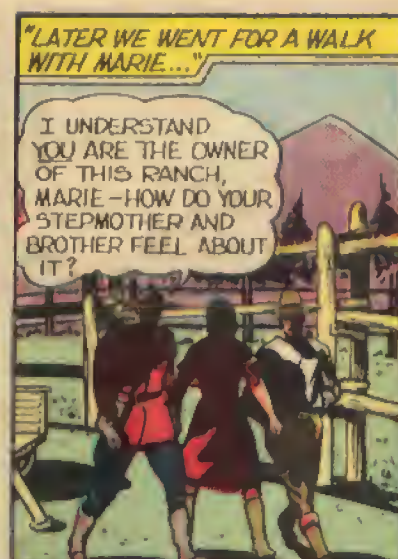
MOUNTED

by
JOE PINAJIMO



"IT ALL STARTED IN A NORTHWEST MOUNTAIN RANGE ONE CRISP CLEAR NIGHT... SUDDENLY THERE WAS A TERRIBLE SCREECHING NOISE AND A MONSTROUS SHAPE HUNG AGAINST THE SKY."





"IN THE DARKNESS THEY FOUGHT LIKE TIGERS...REYNOLDS WAS GETTING THE BEST OF IT..."



"SUDDENLY THERE WAS A CRASHING BLOW FROM BEHIND, AND ALL WENT BLACK FOR THE SERGEANT..."



"THE BLACK BAT PICKED UP THE LUMP FIGURE AND CARRIED IT DEEP INTO THE CAVERN"



"BACK IN THE CABIN I WAS TALKING TO MARIE..."



SERGEANT REYNOLDS SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY NOW!

HE CAN TAKE CARE O' HIMSELF! GUESS I'LL LIGHT TH' FIRE!

"THEN I SAW SOMETHING BACK OF THE FIREPLACE..."



MARIE-LOOK!!

WHY-IT'S A DOOR-I'VE NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE!!

"WE SLIPPED THROUGH THE SECRET PANEL AND WALKED DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS..."



LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A LONG TUNNEL AHEAD OF US... KEEP CLOSE TO ME, MARIE!!

"WE MOVED ALONG SLOWLY. SUDDENLY SEVERAL LARGE BATS CAME OUT OF THE DARKNESS..."



THEY'LL PUT OUT THE LIGHT!

OH-!

"THE TORCH WENT OUT...I HEARD FOOTSTEPS...THEN A CRY FROM MARIE..."



OLD TIMER - HELP! THE BLACK BAT!

WHERE ARE YOU..?

"I STOOD HELPLESS IN THE DARK AS THE BLACK BAT MADE OFF WITH MARIE..."



"MEANWHILE REYNOLD'S CAME TO...
SOMEONE HAD BEEN "KIDNAPING" HIM."



I FOUND
YOU
UNCONSCIOUS,
MOUNTIE!!

MADAME DUPRE!
IT WAS THE
BLACK BAT...
IT'S A MAN!!

A MAN? HAH! HAH! HAH!
YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING--
THE BLACK BAT IS
REAL--NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE TO GET
OUT OF HERE!



NONSENSE!
I'VE GOT TO
GET HIM--

"SUDDENLY THE BLACK BAT CAME
OUT OF THE DARKNESS CARRYING
MARIE..."



IT'S THE
BLACK BAT--
WITH MARIE
WHY YOU--

STAY WHERE YOU
ARE, MOUNTIE--
I'VE GOT YOU
COVERED WITH
YOUR OWN
GUN....
NICE
WORK, JEAN!



SO! THAT'S
WHY YOU
TRIED TO MAKE
ME LEAVE,
EH MADAME
DUPRE!...YOU AND
YOUR SON ARE
BEHIND THIS!

YES--WE FOUND BITS OF
RADIUM ORE ON MARIE'S
PROPERTY...WE THOUGHT THE
BLACK BAT IDEA WOULD
FRIGHTEN HER AND SHE'D
SELL IT CHEAP--BUT
THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT
THAT WAY...



NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOW
TOO MUCH. THE SWIFT
CURRENT OF THIS
STREAM WILL DISPOSE
OF BOTH OF YOU
WITHOUT LEAVING A
TRACE... THROW HER
IN, JEAN!



"AT THIS MOMENT I LUCKILY
CAME UPON THE SCENE....I
HAD TO ACT QUICKLY....."



"MY THROWN ROCK CAUGHT THE
OLD LADY ON THE FOREHEAD..
SHE TOPPLED OVER..."



CRIS OF AGONY WERE HEARD AS
THE STRONG CURRENT CARRIED
HER AWAY..."



"REYNOLDS LEAPED AT THE BLACK BAT BUT THE FLYND ACTED A SECOND SOONER."



"THEN HE RAN OFF WITH MARIE..."



"WE FOLLOWED THE BLACK BAT THROUGH THE WINDING CAVE..."



"THE CHASE WAS TOO FAST FOR ME SO I HAD TO DROP BEHIND BUT REYNOLDS GAINED AS THEY CAME TO AN OPENING..."



"AS THEY CAME OUT ON THE LEDGE THE SERGEANT CAUGHT UP TO HIS QUARRY..."

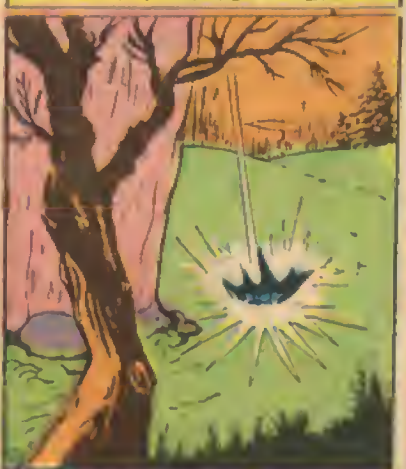


"AS HE LEAPED AHEAD THE BLACK BAT LEAPED OUT INTO SPACE..."



HA-HA-YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, MOUNTIE... I CAN FLY - I'LL REACH BOTTOM SAFELY...

"BUT HE WAS WRONG - THE HEIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM... AND HE COULDN'T CONTROL HIS WINGS."



"LATER..."

THAT'S THE END OF THE BLACK BAT - -- COME ON, OLD TIMER... YOU'RE AN OLD PROSPECTOR - LET'S FIND OUT ABOUT THAT RADIUM ORE !!



AND IT WAS RADIUM ORE !! IT SURE CAME IN HANDY FOR HOSPITALS... AND IT TOOK THE BLACK BAT TO LEAD US TO IT!

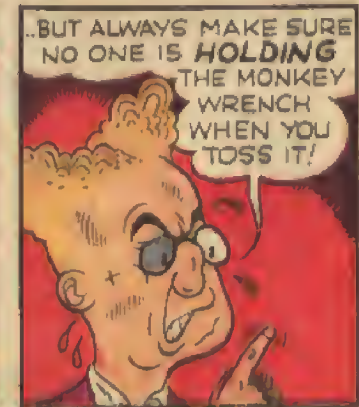
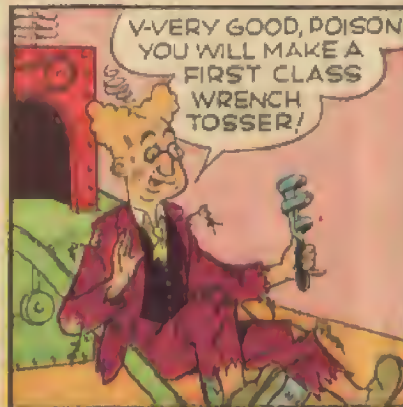
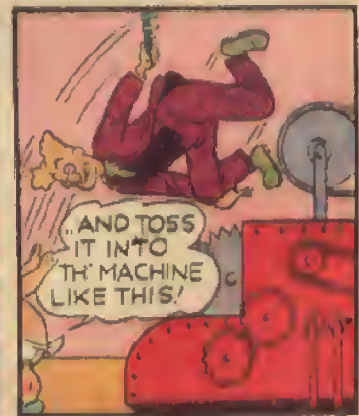
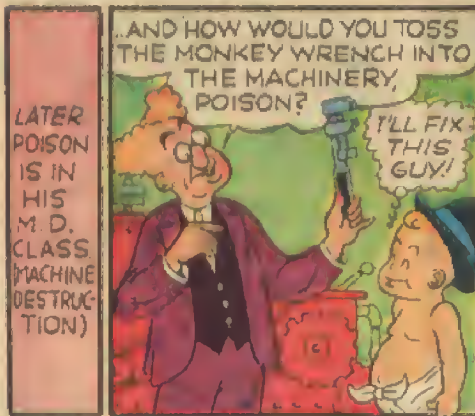
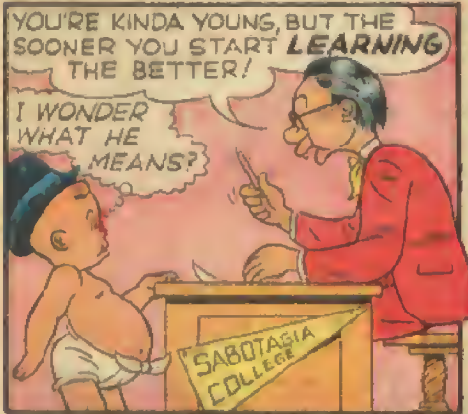
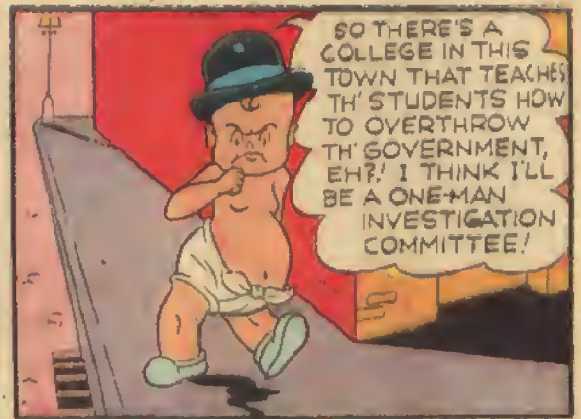


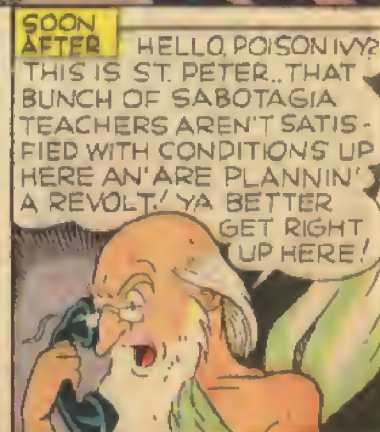
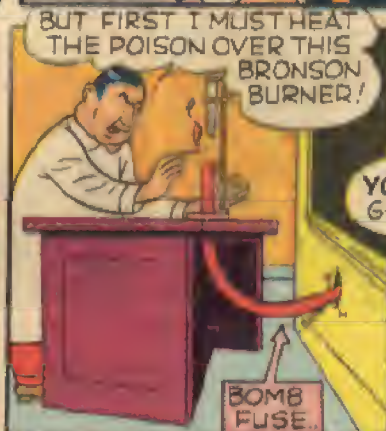
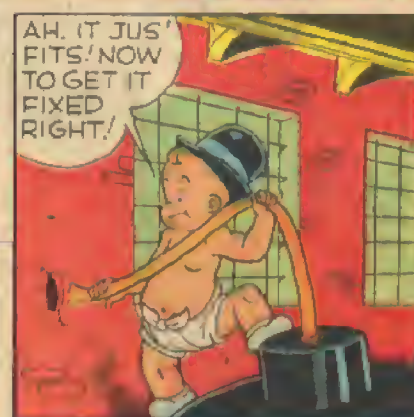
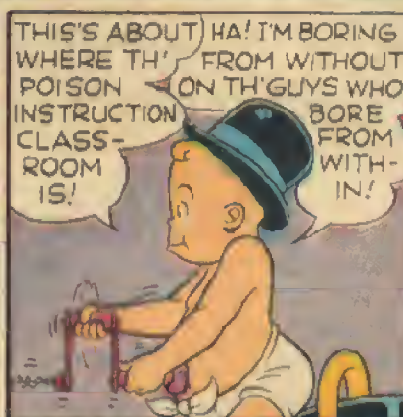
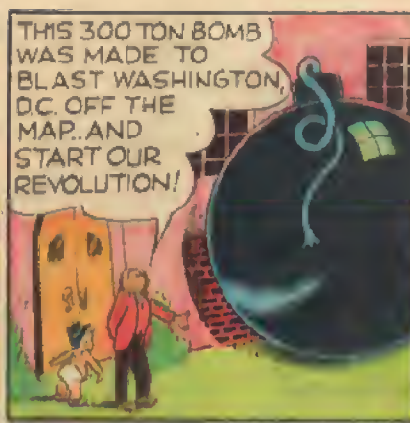
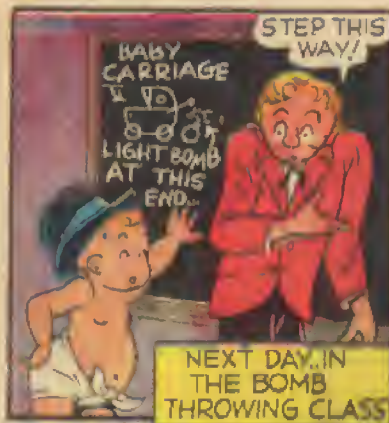
Follow Reynolds Of The Mounted in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY
MITE

BY -GILL FOX-





DUSTY DANE

DUSTY DANE AND MIKE CARDIGAN RESCUE AN ARABIAN PRINCESS, AHMEER, FROM A SLAVE TRADER.. THEY ARE NOW FACED WITH THE PERILOUS TASK OF RETURNING HER TO HER PEOPLE!

TWO WEEKS LATER THEY DROP ANCHOR IN TURABA..



A STRANGE CROWD WATCHES THE NEW ARRIVALS..



WE'LL LEAVE THIS PORT AS SOON AS WE TAKE ON FOOD AND WATER! STAY ON BOARD WHILE WE'RE GONE. THIS IS A TOUGH TOWN!



A SWARTHY ARAB EYES THE GIRL..

BY ALLAH! IT'S PRINCESS AHMEER!



THE ARAB MAKES HIS WAY THRU THE NARROW ALLEYS OF TURABA AND ENTERS A SMALL DARK HUT...



JALNOR! I HAVE GOOD NEWS.. ALLAH IS KIND TO US!

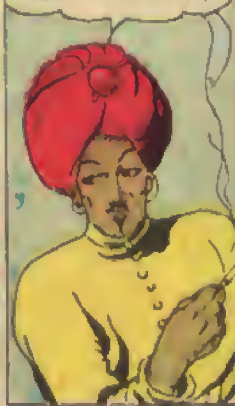
THE DETAILS QUICK!



THEY HOLD A WHISPERED CONVERSATION..



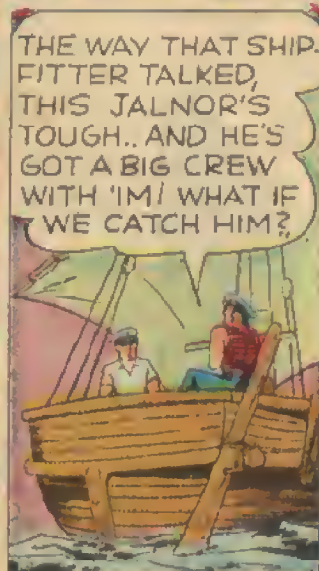
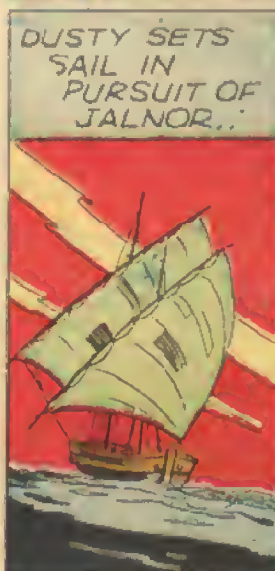
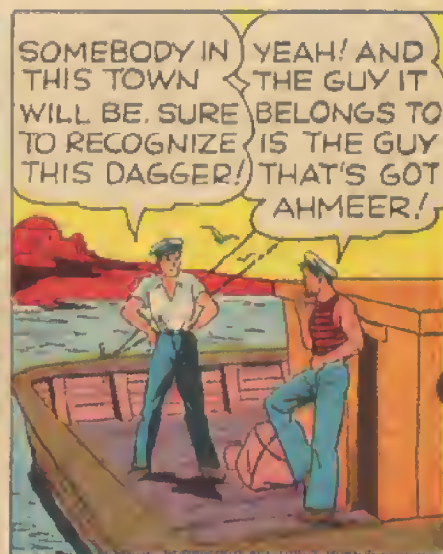
ALLAH IS INDEED KIND! SUMMON MY MEN! HURRY!

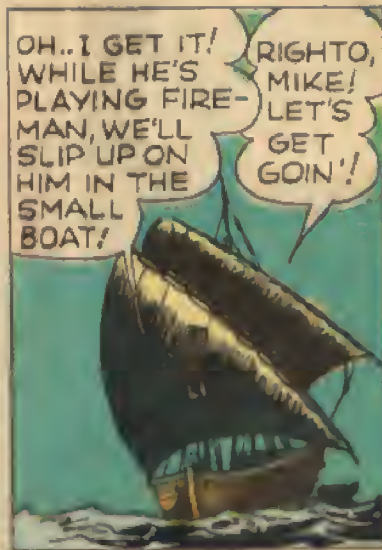


LATER. LADEN WITH PROVISIONS, DUSTY AND MIKE RETURN TO THEIR SHIP.

MIKE! THE GIRL. SHE'S GONE!









CURSE YOU INFIDELS!! WHY DO YOU COME HERE?



WHEN YOU SNATCHED AHMEER FROM OUR BOAT, YOU FORGOT SOMETHING!



AS JALNOR GRABS FOR A GUN, DUSTY HURLS THE DAGGER..PINNING HIS ARM TO THE MAST!

..AND HERE IT IS!



THE CREW CHARGES

SLAY THE WESTERN DOGS!



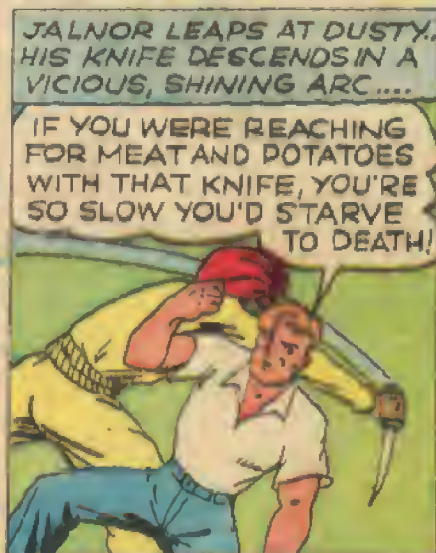
BUT THE SWARTHY MEN CAN'T TAKE DUSTY'S HARD DRIVES...

DON'T STOP TILL TH' NOON WHISTLE BLOWS, MIKE.. HA-HA!



AND MIKE BESTOWS NO GOOD ON THE THUGS' CHINS

THESE GUYS ONLY LOOK BAD!



JALNOR LEAPS AT DUSTY.. HIS KNIFE DESCENDS IN A VICIOUS, SHINING ARC....

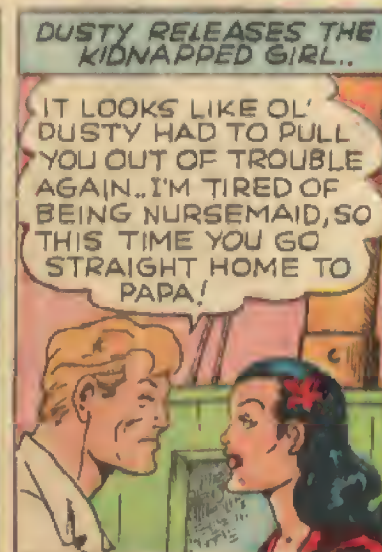
IF YOU WERE REACHING FOR MEAT AND POTATOES WITH THAT KNIFE, YOU'RE SO SLOW YOU'D STARVE TO DEATH!



AAAAAA!

OOF!

YOU LOSE!



DUSTY RELEASES THE KIDNAPPED GIRL..

IT LOOKS LIKE OL' DUSTY HAD TO PULL YOU OUT OF TROUBLE AGAIN..I'M TIRED OF BEING NURSEMAID, SO THIS TIME YOU GO STRAIGHT HOME TO PAPA!

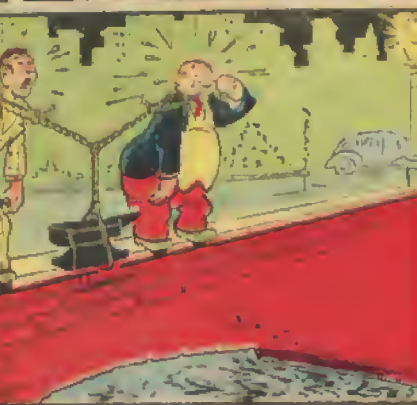
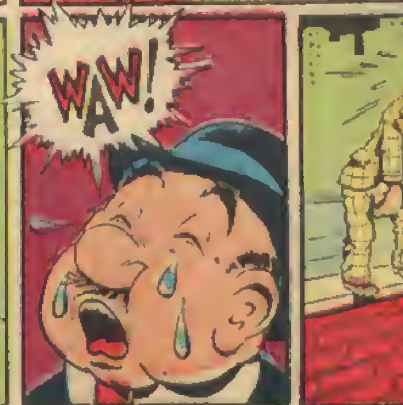
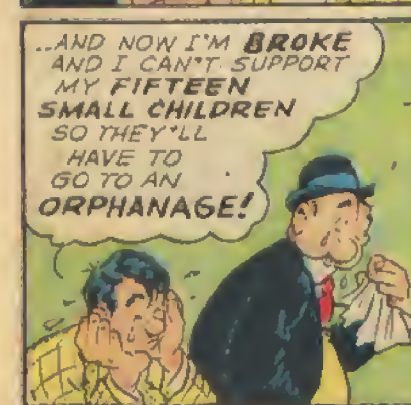


THINK WE'LL HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE WITH JALNOR'S CREW HERE, MIKE?

NOPE..FROM HERE IN THEY'LL BE SO GOOD THAT THIS OLD TUB MIGHT LEAVE TH' WATER AND SAIL RIGHT TO HEAVEN!

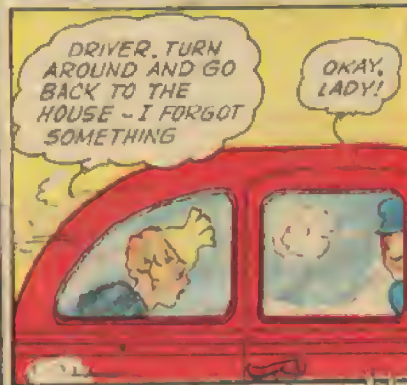
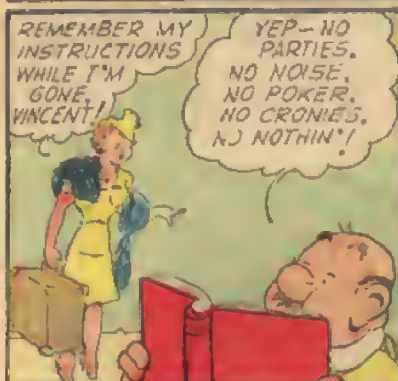
NEXT MONTH DUSTY AND MIKE HAVE THE MOST EXCITING TIME OF THEIR CAREER..

LALA PALOZA





LALA PALOOZA



More of Lala Palooza in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 26th.

by HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

BLACKBURN

Captain BRUCE
BOOMERANG BLAST
COUNTERSPY

CAPT BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE BAND. AN ANTI-AMERICAN GROUP AND AS A MEMBER HE GETS MUCH INFORMATION WHEN BRUCE GOES INTO ACTION. HIS DOUBLE, JACKSON, TAKES HIS PLACE.

PINCHELL SAYS HE'S HEARD OF A PLOT TO BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL!



HOW THIS PINCHELL LEARNS, I DO NOT KNOW, BUT HE IS RIGHT!



AND WITH THESE YANKEES' OWN EXPLOSIVES, WE WILL DO IT! YES!



LATER AS BRUCE LEAVES THE BAND CAMP TO SWITCH PLACES WITH HIS DOUBLE:

BLACK, I AM TO GO WITH YOU! NO LONGER MAY WE LEAVE ALONE! IT IS ORDERED!



BACK IN BRUCE'S ROOM

GOOD THING I FORESAW THIS! PLAN "H" SHOULD DO IT!



I FORGOT MY MONEY, GROSS! LET'S GO!



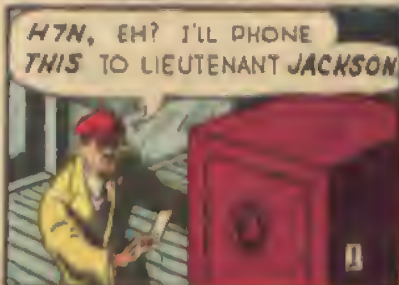
GIVE ME A PRESS!

HERE IT IS!



THE NEWSVENDOR IS ONE OF BRUCE'S AGENTS - SERGEANT GURK.

H7N, EH? I'LL PHONE THIS TO LIEUTENANT JACKSON.



IN JACKSON'S HOTEL ROOM

H7N MEANS "PLAN H..SWITCH WITH BRUCE AT 7 TONIGHT"! I'LL BE THERE!



FOLLOWING PLAN THAT NIGHT, JACKSON, IN BAND UNIFORM, SITS BEHIND A COLUMN IN HIS HOTEL LOBBY!

IT'S ALMOST 7. BRUCE SHOULD BE HERE!



AND OUTSIDE THE HOTEL -

I NEED CIGARETTES. I'LL GET SOME IN THIS HOTEL, GROSS.

I'LL GO IN WITH YOU!



INSIDE THE HOTEL GURK WAITS

HERE COMES BRUCE!



AND AS PART OF THE PLAN, BUMPS INTO GROSS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, YOU BIG BUM?



SO! I'M A BUM, YOU-YOU-

AND WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SUIT YOU'RE WEARIN', FATTY?



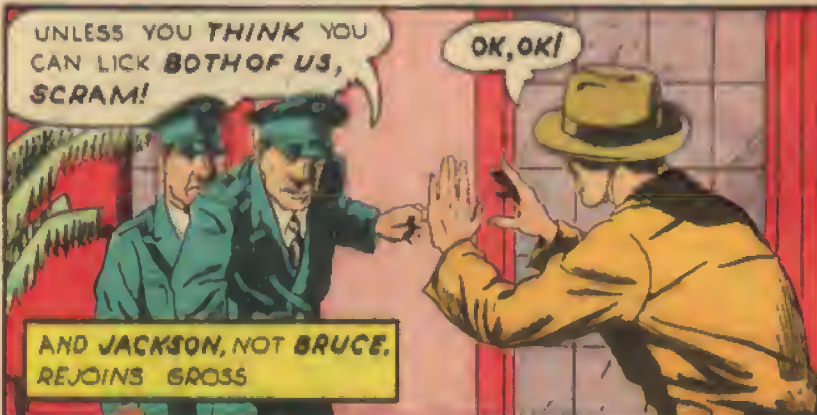
MEANWHILE, DURING THE EXCITEMENT -

JACKSON! TAKE MY PLACE, QUICK!



UNLESS YOU THINK YOU CAN LICK BOTH OF US, SCRAM!

OK, OK!



AND JACKSON, NOT BRUCE, REJOINS GROSS

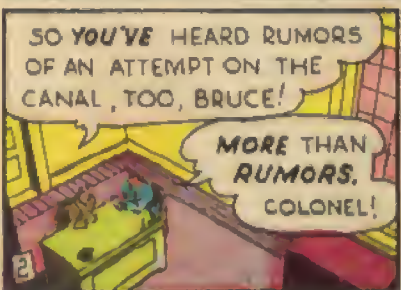
AN HOUR LATER BRUCE IS ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.



3 HOURS LATER, THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, COL JORDAN

SO YOU'VE HEARD RUMORS OF AN ATTEMPT ON THE CANAL, TOO, BRUCE!

MORE THAN RUMORS, COLONEL!



THEY ARE PLANNING TO USE OUR EXPLOSIVES TO DO THE JOB!

NONSENSE! THERE'S VERY LITTLE IN THE WAY OF EXPLOSIVES AT THE CANAL NOW!

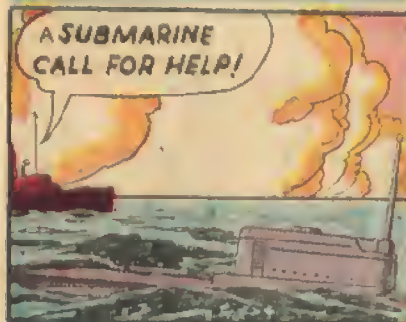


IN FACT, UNTIL THE ALTON, OUR AMMUNITION SHIP GETS THERE TOMORROW NOON -

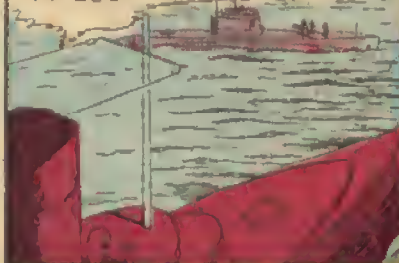
GREAT GUNS, THAT'S PROBABLY IT! COME ON, COLONEL!



MEANWHILE, AT THE AMMUNITION SHIP THE ALTON



SSS - SSS - SSS - POSITION
14 DEG-

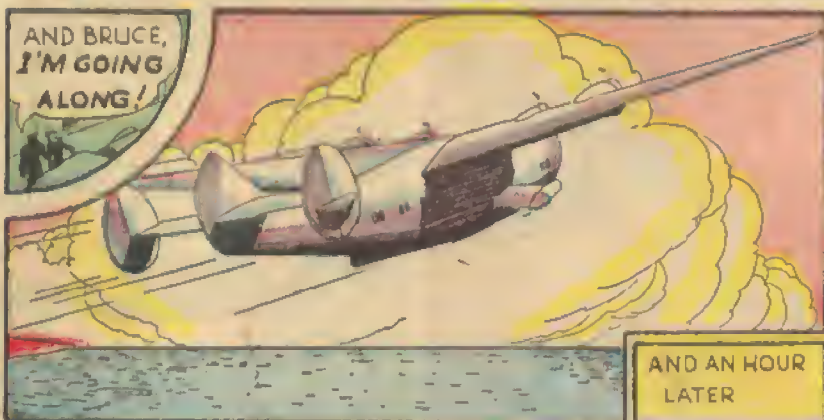
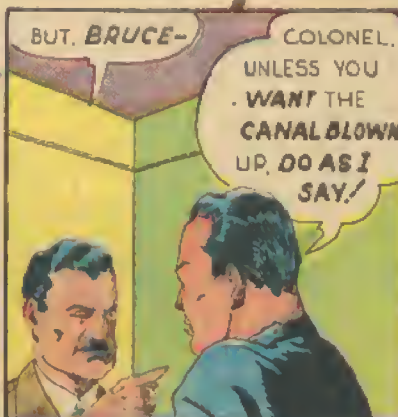
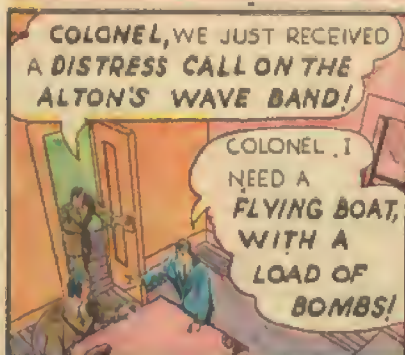


EDITOR'S NOTE: SSS IS THE
SUBMARINE ATTACK DISTRESS CALL.

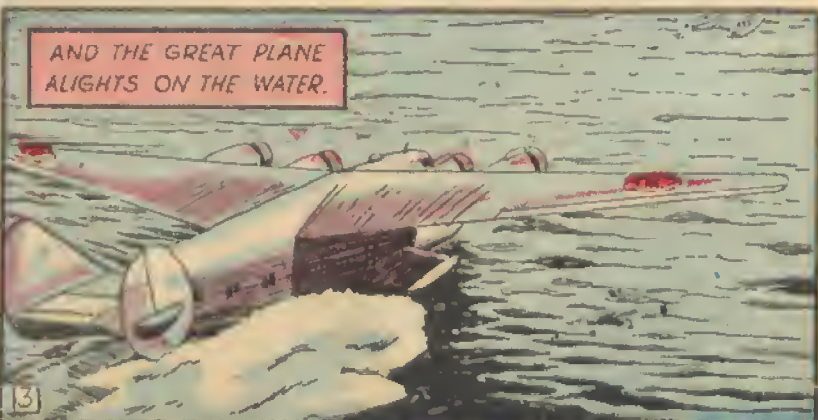
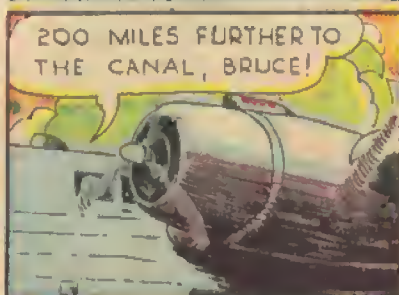
AERIAL WRECKED, THE CALL
FOR HELP ENDS ABRUPTLY.

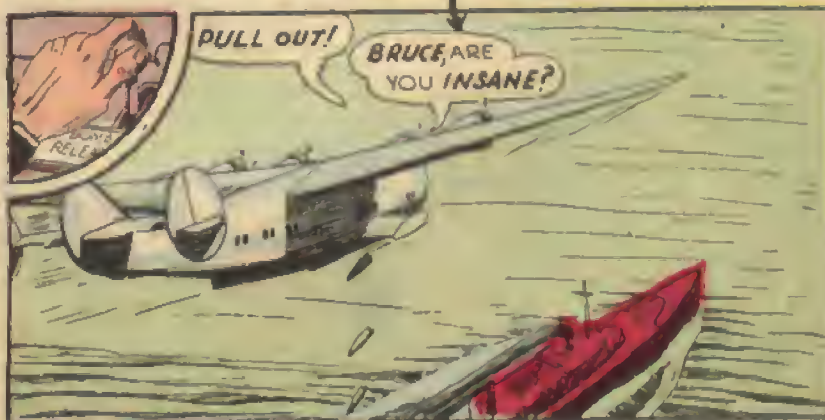
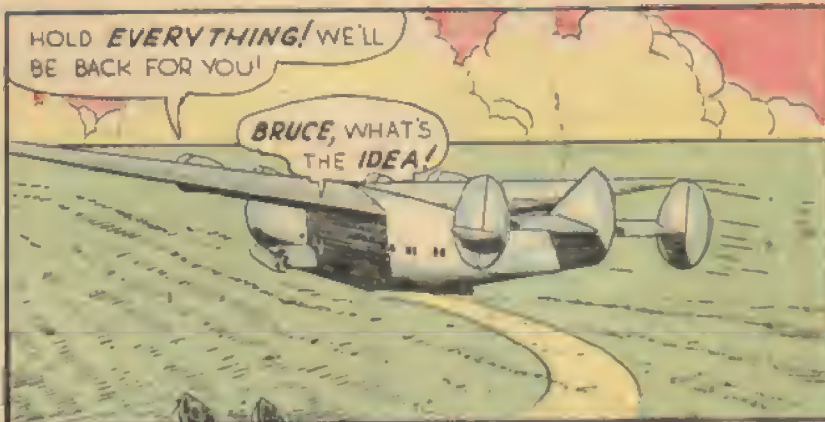


AND BACK IN WASHINGTON



11 HOURS SOUTHWEST
FROM WASHINGTON, OVER
THE CARIBBEAN SEA.





THE BOMBS HURTLE TOWARD THE ALTON, THEIR TARGET!



A RENDING EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE AIR



AND IN THE BLAST THE FLYING BOAT IS TOSSED LIKE A LEAF.



NOW, GO BACK AND PICK UP THAT BOAT'S CREW!



BRUCE, YOU JUST BLEW UP \$5,000,000 WORTH OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!

YOUR EXPLANATION HAD BETTER BE GOOD!



IT IS—I HOPE!

THE CREW IS TAKEN ABOARD FROM THE LIFE-BOATS!



AS THE PLANE ROARS ON TOWARD THE UNITED STATES

HERE'S THE STORY, COLONEL! THE ALTON'S CAPTAIN WILL BEAR ME OUT IN IT, I BELIEVE.



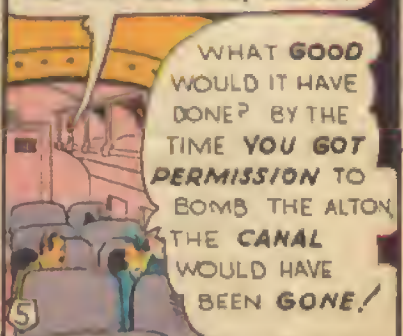
GO AHEAD, BRUCE

THE CREW THEY PUT ON THE ALTON WAS REALLY A SUICIDE CREW. THEY WERE GOING TO GET THE ALTON INTO THE LOCKS, BLOW IT UP, AND DIE WITH IT!



THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! THEY BOASTED OF IT!

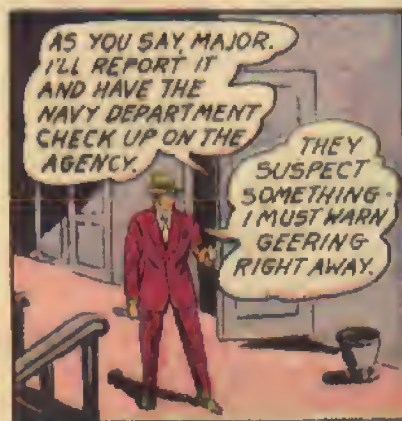
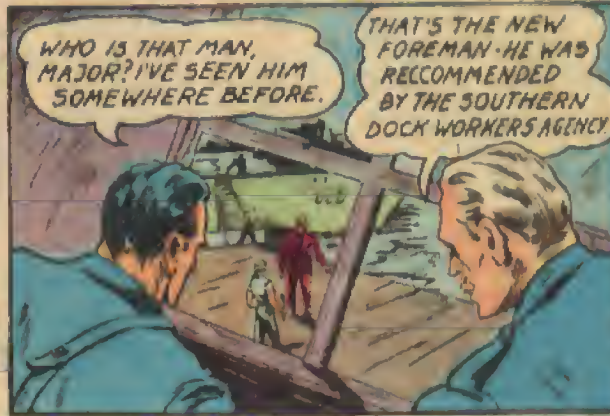
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THIS BEFORE, BRUCE?



WHAT GOOD WOULD IT HAVE DONE? BY THE TIME YOU GOT PERMISSION TO BOMB THE ALTON, THE CANAL WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE!



AT THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.



ALWAYS ON THE ALERT,
USA ROAMS THE SKY.



MY FLAG DROOPS.
DANGER IS NEAR!



IT'S A NAVY
OFFICER IN
TROUBLE!

LET'S GET
HIM INTO
THE CAR,
QUICKLY!



FASTER THAN A THOUGHT, USA
DESCENDS UPON THE ABDUCTORS.

IT'S USA!
WE CAN'T
FIGHT HER.
LET'S BEAT
IT!

AND
FAST!



ARE YOU
ALRIGHT,
LIEUTENANT?

USA AND
THE FLAG-
THANK
HEAVENS!



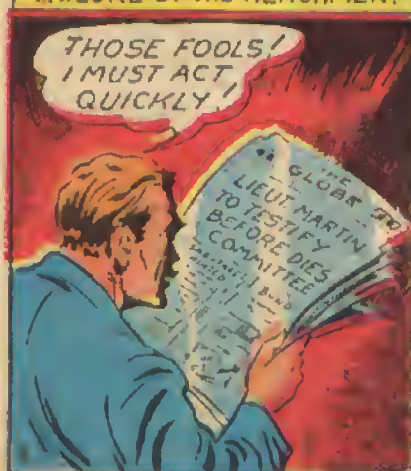
THOSE MEN ARE
SPIES THEY
WORK ON OUR
DESTROYERS.

YOU SHOULD
NOTIFY THE
DIE'S INVESTIGATING
COMMITTEE



GEERING, THE LEADER OF THE
SPY RING, LEARNS OF THE
FAILURE OF HIS HENCHMEN.

THOSE FOOLS!
I MUST ACT
QUICKLY!



MARTIN WILL NOT DARE
TO TESTIFY. MY
SCHEME WILL STOP HIM!

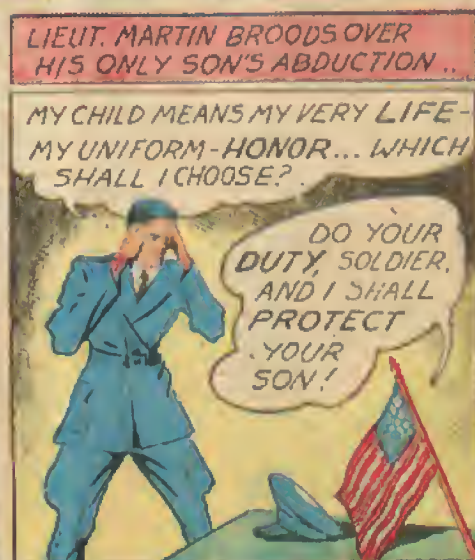


AND LATER, NEAR LIEUT
MARTIN'S HOME...

YOUR METHODS
ARE CRUDE,
GEERING.

BUT
VERY
EFFECTIVE,
HANS-VERY
EFFECTIVE





AT GEERING'S HEADQUARTERS



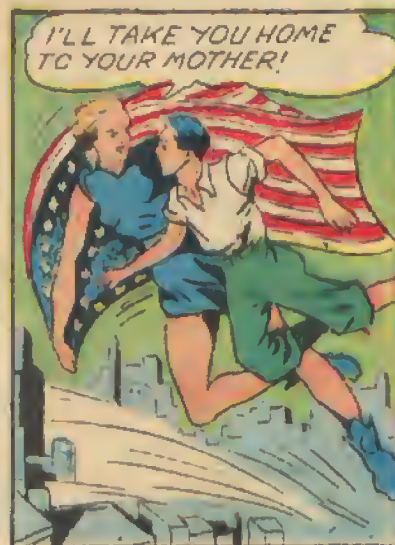
IN A FLASH THE OLD LADY SHEDS HER DISGUISE.



THE COWARDLY GEERING POINTS HIS GUN AT THE BOY



BUT USA'S TORCH OF LIBERTY DOES ITS WORK AND THE GUN BREAKS INTO PIECES.



STEADILY THE DESTROYERS
STEAM TOWARD THEIR GOAL.



GEERING AND HIS BOMBERS
FOLLOW CLOSELY OVERHEAD..



WE'RE OUT OF THE
AMERICAN ZONE-
PREPARE FOR THE
ATTACK, MEN!

BUT HIGH IN THE SKY... A
SHADOW FORMS ON THE LOFTY
CLOUDS.. THE SHADOW OF USA.



AMERICA'S PLEDGE
SHALL NOT BE
BROKEN - THE
SHIPS WILL REACH
THEIR PORT!

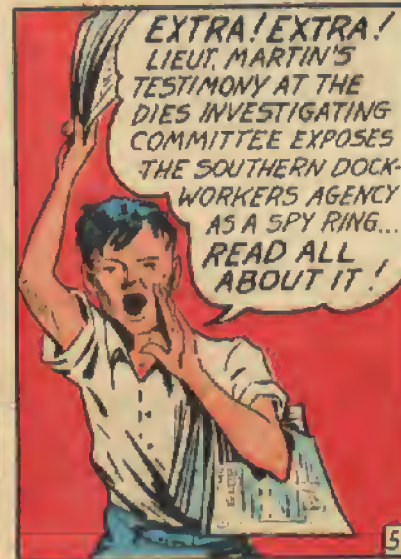


OUR ENEMIES
WILL PERISH...
FREEDOM
SHALL
ALWAYS
RULE!

USA'S TORCH
DOES ITS
DEADLY
WORK....



ONLY OUR
PLANES SHALL
FLY OVER OUR
SHIPS!



EXTRA! EXTRA!
LIEUT. MARTIN'S
TESTIMONY AT THE
DIES INVESTIGATING
COMMITTEE EXPOSES
THE SOUTHERN DOCK-
WORKERS AGENCY
AS A SPY RING...
READ ALL
ABOUT IT!

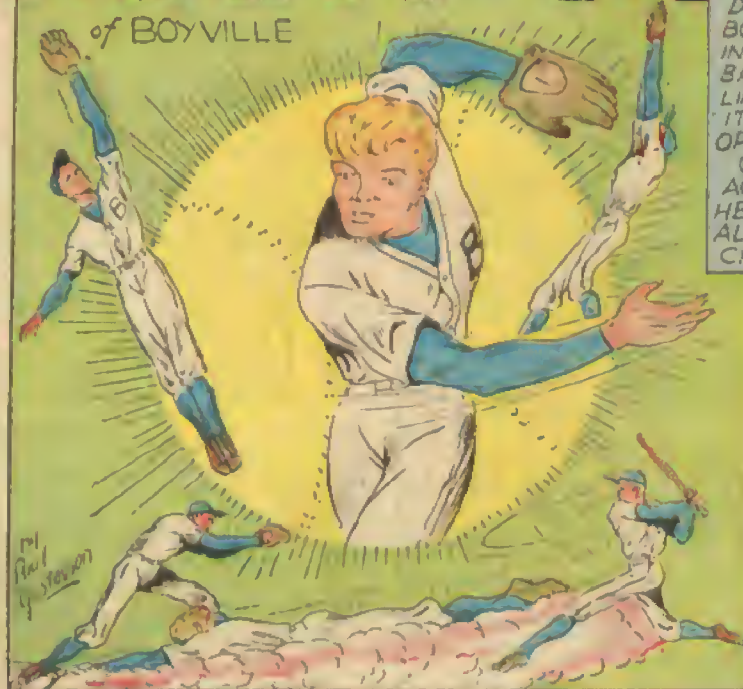


IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT...
OUR PRESIDENT IS
STILL WORKING...
ALL IS
WELL!

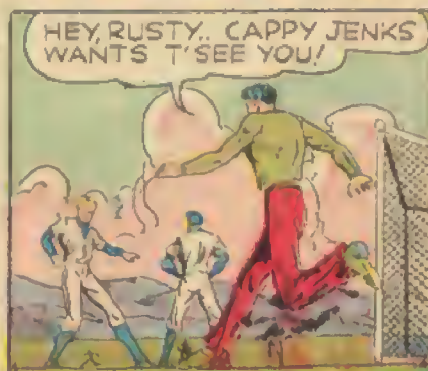
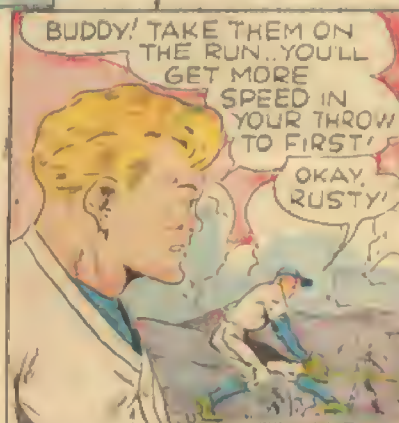
SEE USA IN A THRILLING
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Follow USA, The Spirit of Old Glory, in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RUSTY RYAN



SPRING
DRAWS
BOYVILLE
INTO THE
BASEBALL
LIMELIGHT.
IT'S THE
OPENING
GAME
AGAINST
HEMPSTED
ALL-STATE
CHAMPS!

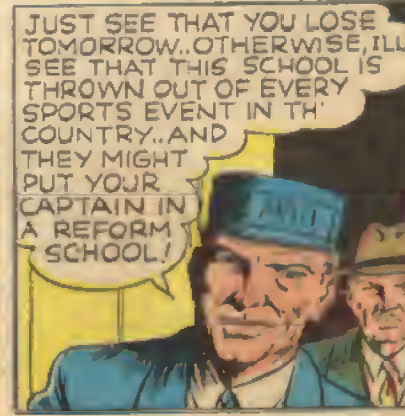
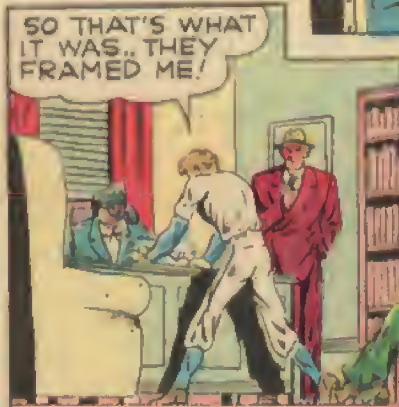
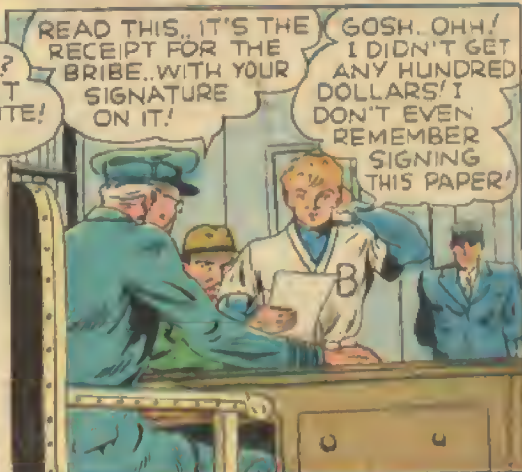


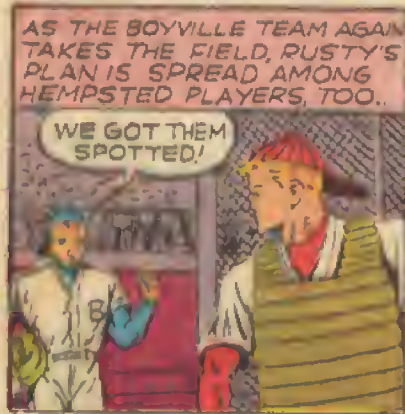
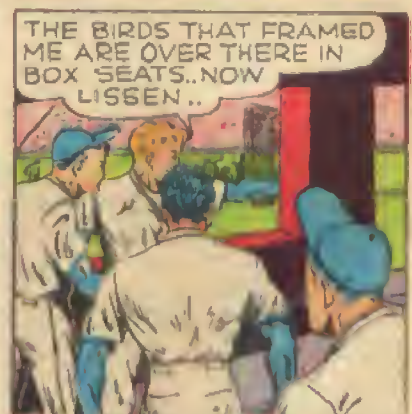
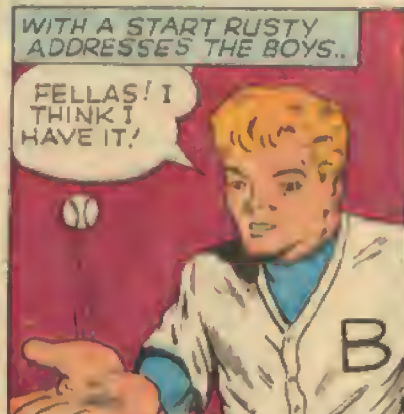
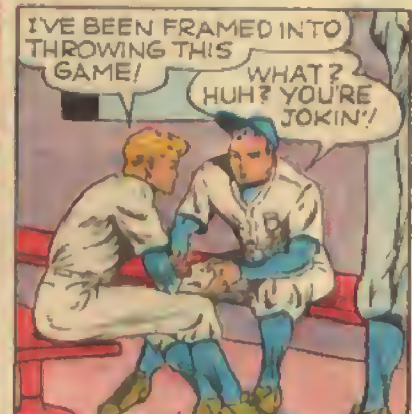
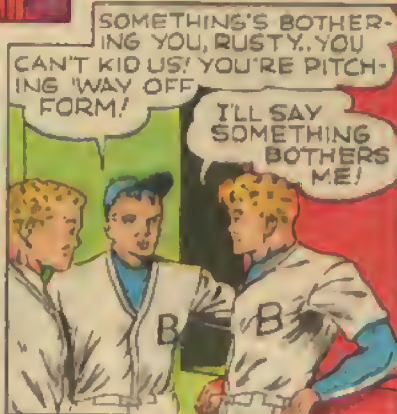
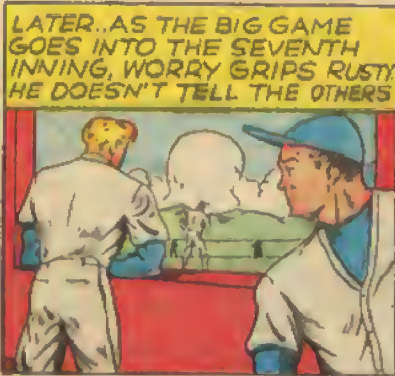
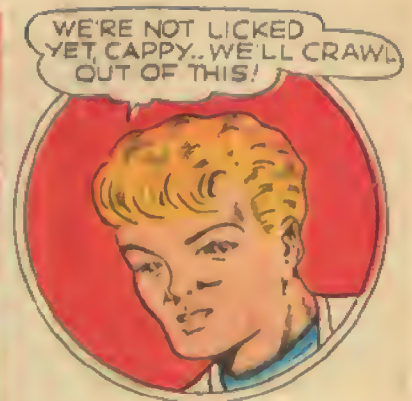
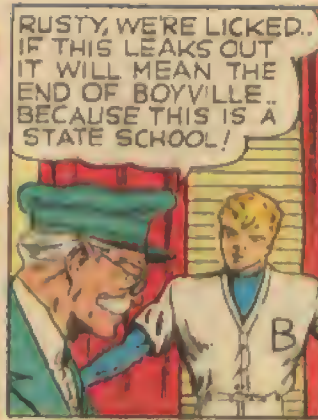
A SHORT TIME LATER..

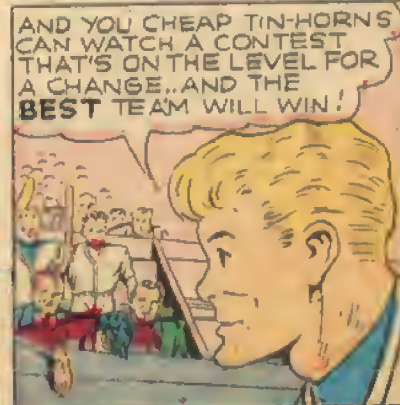
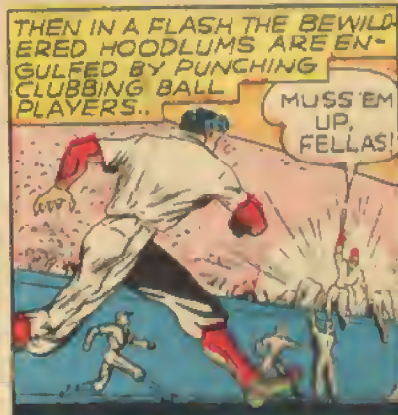
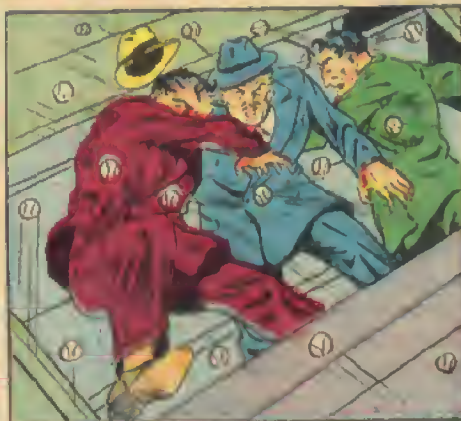
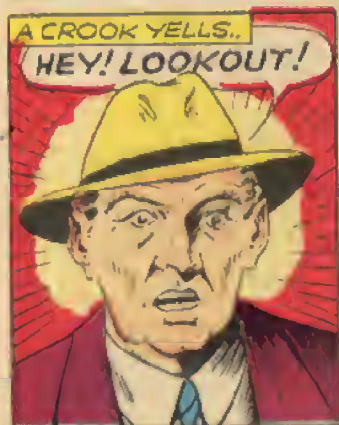
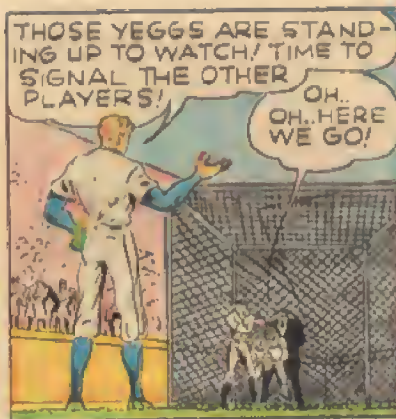
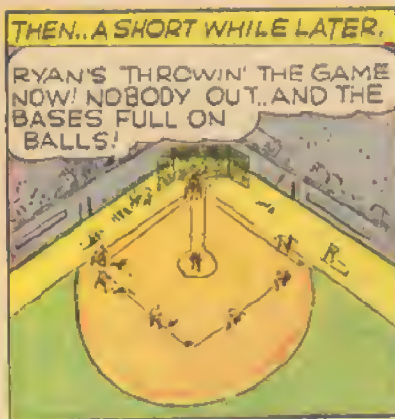




AS RUSTY ENTERS THE OFFICE..







Read Rusty Ryan in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 26th.

JUNGLE DEVIL

BY
ROBERT
HYATT



"There shall be evil come of this hunt," said Gamba, the old *havildar*, or beater.

To at least three people seated on the verandah of that jungle bungalow, the head beater's words fell like a bomb. Those three looked at the brown Nepalese in startled amazement.

Old Colonel Riggs-Stratton shoved his pith helmet back and regarded his majordomo of the hunt critically.

"Gamba, when you say that, it means something," he stated. "What, exactly?"

Gamba shook his head. "I only feel it."

Llewellyn Scott was fresh from America and this was to be his first tiger hunt. "Hey, what is this, Colonel?" he demanded. "We came out here to put a 'stripe' or two. What—"

"Nothing to feel any alarm about, Lew," the colonel hastily interposed. "Only I've lived here long enough, and known Gamba long enough to not underestimate his—uh—premonitions, if you care to call them that."

Perry Scott said, glancing at his uncle, "I've never gone in too strong for psychic phenomena, but on the other hand I'm not averse to a bit of caution."

Lige Brock, the third member of the American party, and an expert big game hunter, snorted contemptuously. "In good old Bostonese—bunk!" Perry didn't like the man. "You let that stuff get under your skin," he went on, "and you'll be shooting at shadows."

The group on the verandah broke up and drifted to their

quarters. Tomorrow was the big day . . .

Col. Riggs-Stratton's bungalow was situated in the north of Bahraich on the borders of Nepal, and the lush jungle ran down unbroken from the outer fringes of the Himalayas. From here, the party started, the two huge Burmah elephants leading, the bearers strung out behind.

The beaters suddenly swung off on another track and the colonel waved encouragement to his *shikari*. There were deer in that beat; there were pig. But when the beaters, shouting like demons, closed in, there was nothing to shoot at—the tiger had not lain up near the kill.

The day wore on and no luck. There simply were no tigers in the vicinity. Yet fresh "sign" had been reported by several trackers the day previous.

Early evening found the party ten miles from headquarters.



"Might as well put up here," the colonel suggested. "Take us two hours to get to the bungalow, and I for one am tuckered out."

"Snits me," acquiesced Llewellyn Scott. The others voiced their willingness to remain the night. Accordingly, a thorn

boma was hastily erected by the beaters, to keep marauding beasts from prowling too near when the fire burned out. Native beaters cannot be trusted to keep a fire going throughout the night.

A quick meal, and the party turned in. That is, all of them did except Perry Scott. He sought out old Gamba, where he squatted before a small fire inside a second boma the beaters had thrown up for their own protection.

Perry offered Gamba a cigarette. He'd brought along several packs to give to the beaters. "Thank you," said Gamba in his halting English. He lit up with a blazing shiver from the fire and puffed contentedly for a moment.

"Think we'll have any luck tomorrow?" Perry asked.

Gamba's coppery features, red tipped in the reflected firelight, didn't change. "No. There will be no tiger. There will be—evil!"

"What evil, Gamba?"

"How can one foretell these things, sahib?"

"You read this in the stars, a vision—"

"I cannot explain," Gamba said quickly. "I only know that evil will come of this hunt . . . but nobody will die." That last statement, or amendment, startled Perry somewhat. It was the answer to an unasked question; it relieved him considerably. He leaned back against a packing case.

A troop of hill apes went chattering through the trees. A peacock, disturbed in his slumbers, gave vent to a shrill scream of annoyance. Pigs grunted a hundred yards off in the darkness. Then silence fell again, the silence of the jungle asleep.

At dawn the party moved off through the dripping jungle. This was their last beat. If they

didn't put up a tiger today, the hunt would end unsuccessfully. Old Gamba's prediction of evil had caused uneasiness among the hunters. The shikari reported that they would rebel if forced further into the bush.

Perry left the main party toward noon and chose a huge tree for a post. He'd determined to put a stag, a panther, anything just to save the hunt from being a total washout. He hoped that his uncle would have some luck. He had come all the way from America to get in a little shooting; and old Col. Riggs-Stratton had promised excellent tiger hunting in his beloved north India retreat.

Perry climbed the big tree and found a comfortable limb fifteen feet above the ground. The sound of the beat, up ahead, gradually diminished. A half hour passed. Perry spent it fighting off a swarm of voracious mosquitoes. Then a stag with a fair head broke into view. Perry brought his rifle up, but a vine caught the trigger guard. The gun slipped from his hands and fell to the ground.

Just as the stag crashed into the thicket across the little clearing, Lige Brock came into view on the other side and took a snap shot at the fleeing beast. The stag gave a great bound, but went on with a tremendous crashing.

"Got him!" exclaimed Brock, levering the action of his weapon. Then he plunged after his quarry. Perry called to him, but the game hunter evidently didn't hear him. Brock had disappeared by the time Perry had slipped to the ground.

Perry examined his rifle for possible damage and was in the act of firing a test shot, when a panther broke cover. The bent was returning. Perry heard it as he took off after the tawny cat. A panther was better than nothing at all!

The big cat treed a hundred yards away. But he elected to go high, and the thick tangle of branches entirely hid him from view.

The shikari's yelp drifted to Perry, then three shots roared out. Had they put up a tiger? If so, this was no place to be, reasoned Perry. He jumped behind the thick bole of the tree and waited. It was then he saw the stag. It came bounding along a trail twenty yards off. And after it came Lige Brock. It was the same stag, and it was wounded.

"Now what the heck made that beast turn and come back here?" Perry asked himself.

Since no tiger had as yet shown himself, and the beat was



still some distance off, Perry decided to follow Lige. The noise of the man's progress through the jungle made his trail easy to follow. The stag too was making a tremendous crashing sound up ahead. Lige had been unable to get in a telling shot evidently.

One of the elephants trumpeted behind him and the shikari shouted to his men, Tiger, this time! Well, let him come. This hunt was turning out to be an afternoon tea!

Perry came upon Lige suddenly standing under an enormous tree in a small clearing.

The man was pumping shots at something invisible. Perry was about to shout at the hunter when an involuntary cry burst from his lips. He brought his gun up and began firing into the tree above Lige's head.

Llewellyn Scott and the colonel broke into the clearing just then.

"Hi!" shouted the colonel. "What the devil are you about?" He ran up to Perry and knocked his gun off aim. "What's this—you trying to kill the man?" he demanded of Perry.

"Trying to save his life," answered Perry. "Take a look, Colonel!"

A great shape crashed down from the branches of the tree and fell upon Lige Brock. With the speed of light the thing encircled him in giant, constricting folds. Lige shrieked. Then the horrible creature fell away, lashing its enormous body for a moment, then suddenly became still.

Gamba came out of the jungle and pointed at the dead snake. "It is the evil of which I spoke," he said quietly. "The devil of the jungle. Even tigers keep away from him."

Col. Riggs-Stratton nodded his head several times and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

"Whew! He's a monster. Biggest python I ever saw in these quarters!"

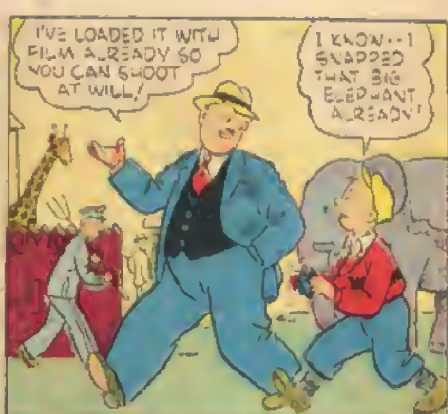
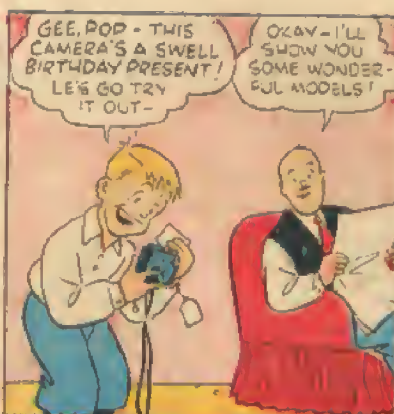
Lige Brock regained the wind that had been driven from his body and got to his feet. He looked sheepish, but he stuck out a hand to Perry.

"Thanks, old man. You kept Gamba's 'evil' from becoming fatal... guess I was shooting at shadows."

ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT THRILLER
Water for the King
IN THE MAY ISSUE OF
FEATURE COMICS
ON SALE MARCH 26TH

HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by ARTHUR BEEMAN



Order the May issue of FEATURE COMICS from your regular newsdealer now.

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

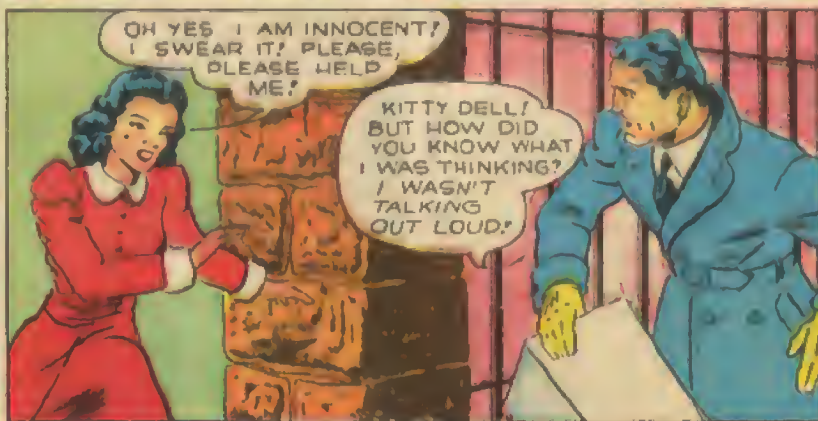
By
Noel
Fowler



MURDERESS
ESCAPES
FROM PRISON!



KITTY DELL
BREAKS FROM THE
WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY,
WHERE SHE WAS IMPRIS-
ONED FOR THE MURDER
OF HER HUSBAND. CITY
SPREADS DRAGNET.





DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME BACK, MISTER. THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO FIRST. WILL YOU HELP ME?



OF COURSE, KITTY. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN!



OH, IT'S TOO LATE! THE POLICE! THEY'VE SEEN ME!

ZERO SEEMS STRANGELY UNPERTURBED AS THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW CLATTER ACROSS THE BRIDGE TOWARD THEM.



THAT'S DELL, ALL RIGHT!

STOP! YOU'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST!



I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO TAKE HER, SERGEANT!

WHATTAY MEAN IMPOSSIBLE?



SUDDENLY THE COPS GAPE IN UTTER AMAZEMENT AS...



THE HANDCUFFS SLIP THROUGH HER WRIST TO THE GROUND.



JUST THEN ANOTHER COP COMES SHOUTING.

KITTY DELL'S BODY WAS JUST FOUND OUTSIDE THE PRISON! SHE WAS SHOT TRYING TO ESCAPE!



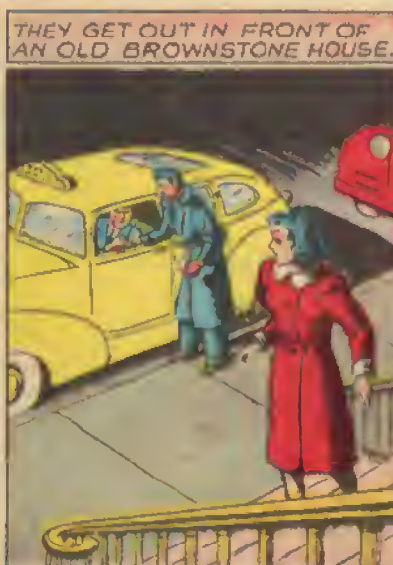
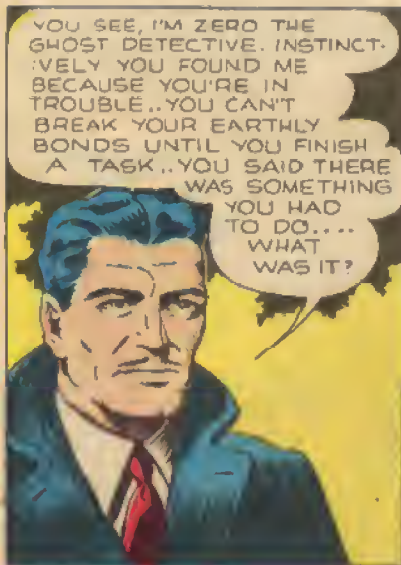
THE COPS TAKE ONE LOOK AT THE GIRL AND BEAT IT. ONE COLLAPSES FROM FRIGHT.

WAIT FOR ME!



HOW CAN I BE DEAD? I'M HERE!

YOU'RE HERE IN SPIRIT, KITTY. I KNEW THAT ALMOST AT ONCE!



INSIDE IS THE SPIRIT OF THE
MAN SHE LOVES..... HER
HUSBAND.



AT FIRST KITTY AND ZERO SEE
NO ONE IN THE DARKENED
ROOM.



BUT SOON THE FIGURE OF HER
HUSBAND TAKES SHAPE



THE TWO GHOSTS LEAD ZERO
TO THE GANG'S
HIDE-OUT.



THEY WALK THROUGH DARK AND SILENT CORRIDORS IN THE CELLAR.



QUARRELSOME VOICES COME FROM THE FIRST FLOOR.



KITTY CONFRONTS THE MURDERERS.



LISTEN, GIRLIE, YOU AIN'T GOING TO LIVE TO TELL THAT! HEY! SHE'S NOT HERE!



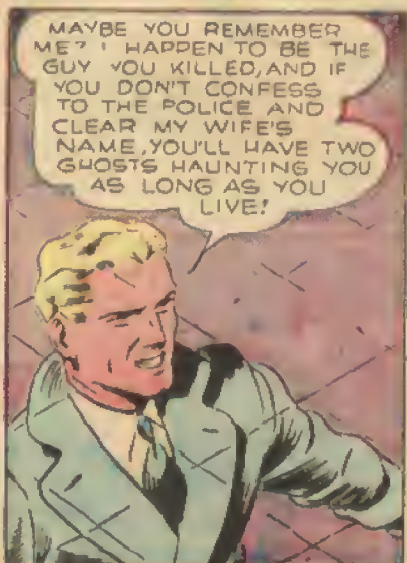
YES SHE IS, AND SHE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! YOU'D BETTER CONFESS YOUR GUILT OR



ZERO INTERCEPTS A SHOT BY QUICK, DECISIVE ACTION...



MAYBE YOU REMEMBER ME? I HAPPEN TO BE THE GUY YOU KILLED, AND IF YOU DON'T CONFESS TO THE POLICE AND CLEAR MY WIFE'S NAME, YOU'LL HAVE TWO GHOSTS HAUNTING YOU AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!



COME ON, BOYS WE'RE GOING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL!



WITH THE CROOKS CONVICTED, KITTY AND HER HUSBAND ARE FREED FROM THEIR EARTHLY BONDS.



Another mysterious adventure of Zero, Ghost Detective, in the May issue.

NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

LOOK, NIPPIE...
THERE'S FAT
EMMA LEARNIN'
HOW TO
SKATE!

BOY! WATCH
ME MAKE
HER
DENT TH'
ICE!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

WE'RE GOIN'
OVER TO TH'
STEEP
BLOOMER HILL
FOR SOME
REAL
COASTIN'!

WILL YOU COME
TOO, MICKEY?
I CAN'T,
SONNY. I'VE
BEEN ON
DUTY ALL
NIGHT!



BLOOMER HILL
IS DANGEROUS,
MICKEY. DO
YOU THINK
THEY SHOULD
HAVE GONE
OVER
THERE?

SURE, MA! NO
TRAFFIC IS
ALLOWED ON
THAT HILL AND
BESIDES IT'LL
KEEP UNCLE
PHIL AWAY
FROM
CLANCY'S



IS THIS
BLOOMER
HILL,
UNCLE
PHIL?

YUP, AND IT'S MY
IDEA OF A HILL...
YOU'LL SEE
WHEN WE GO
DOWN!



GEE... THEY
GO DOWN
AWFUL FAST.
I'M AFRAID!

WITH ME
STEERING YOU
DON'T HAVE
WORRY!



IS IT REALLY
A MILE FROM
TOP TO
BOTTOM?

IT FEELS
MORE LIKE
TWENTY
MILES!



AREN'T WE
GOING DOWN
RIGHT
AWAY, UNCLE
PHIL?

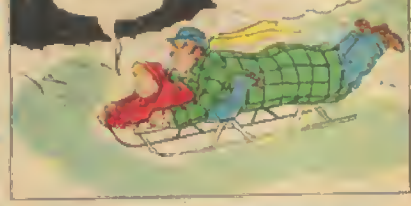
SURE! JUST
(PUFF) LET ME
(PUFF) CATCH
MY BREATH!



HERE WE
GO!



WE'RE
ALMOST
DOWN TO
THE BOTTOM,
UNCLE
PHIL!



GOLLY...
I DIDN'T
THINK
WE'D
COME
DOWN
THIS
FAR!

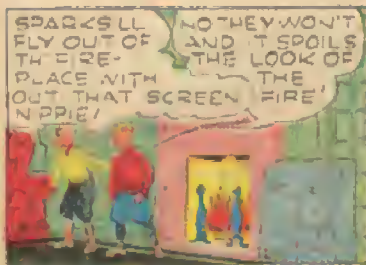
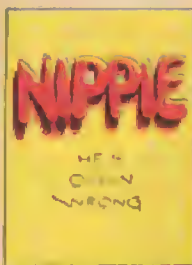
HMM!
NEITHER
DID I!



I THOUGHT
YOUR UNCLE
TOOK YOU
OVER TO
BLOOMER HILL?

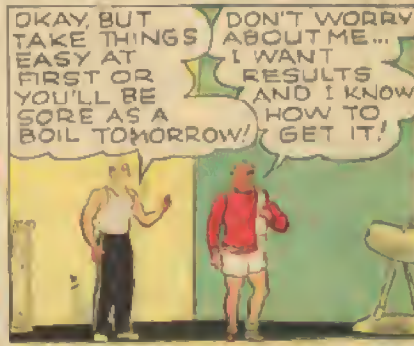
HE
DECIDED
IT WAS
TOO
DANGEROUS





MICKEY FINN

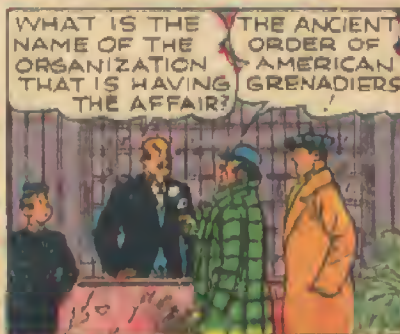
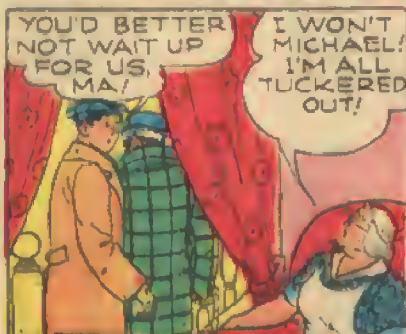
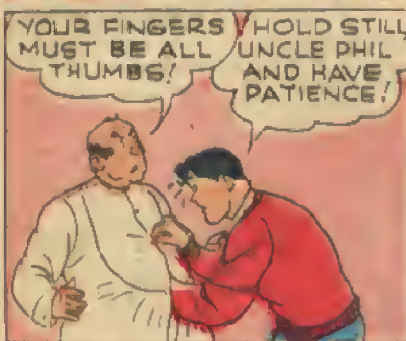
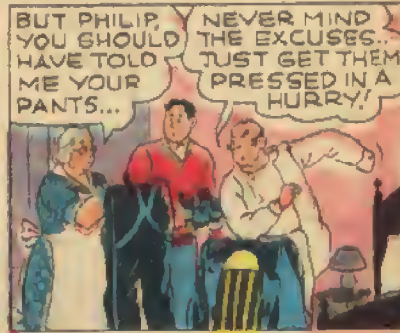
By LANK LEONARD

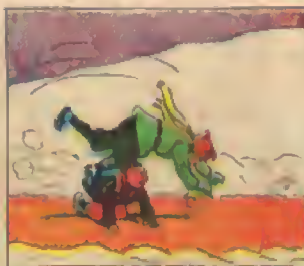
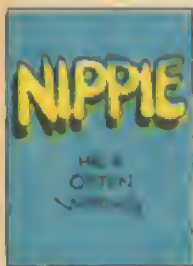




MICKEY FINN

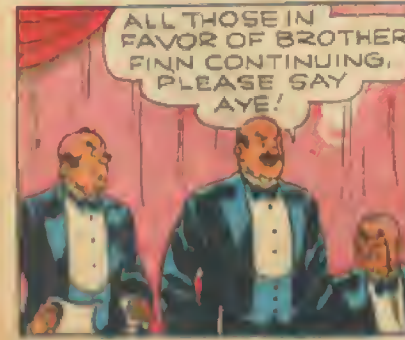
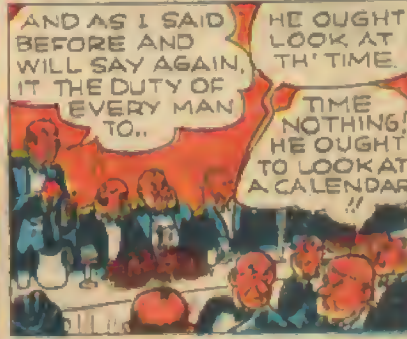
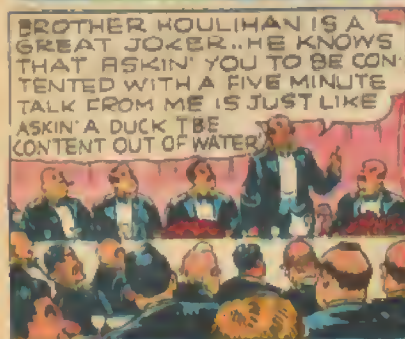
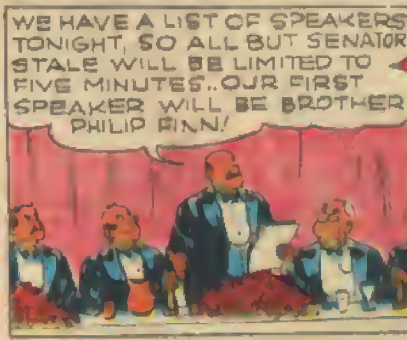
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS.

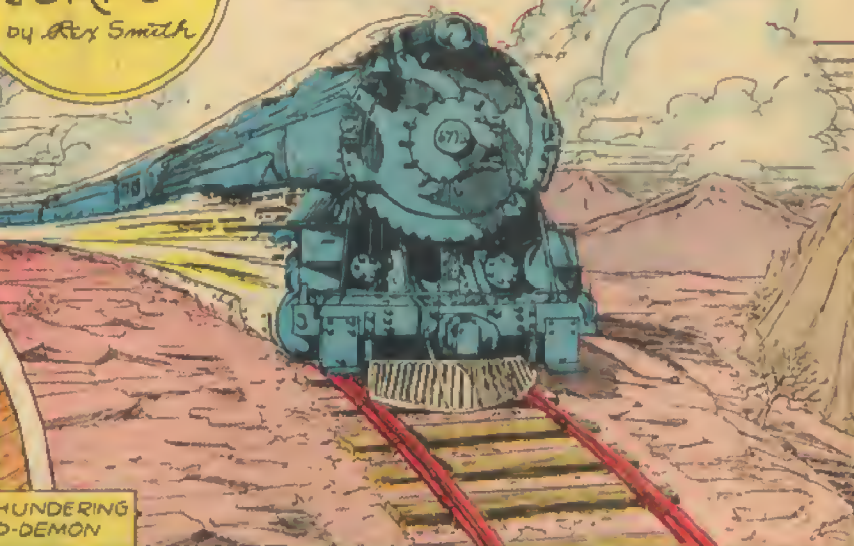
SPIN SHAW

of the
NAVAL AIR
CORPS

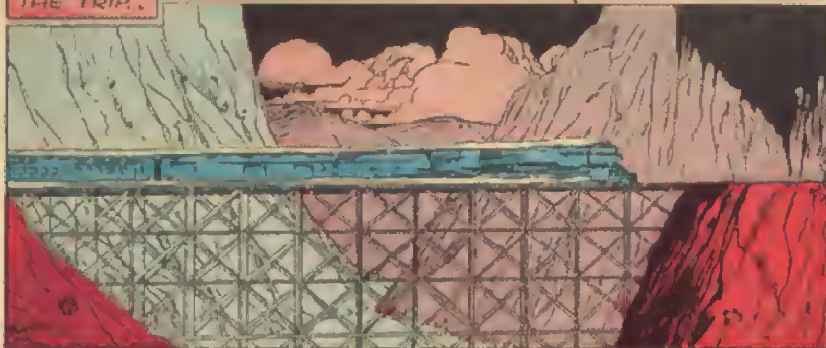
by Rex Smith



ACROSS COUNTRY FROM OREGON TO WASHINGTON ROARS THE CRACK OVERLAND LIMITED. MILE AFTER MILE FLIES BY UNDER THE THUNDERING WHEELS OF THIS SUPER SPEED-DEMON



THE OVERLAND'S ROUTE FOLLOWS A HIGH TRESTLE BRIDGE THROUGH THE TOWERING CASCADE RANGE IT IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE TRIP.



CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW IN HIS PRIVATE CAR WORKS BUSILY OVER BLUEPRINTS

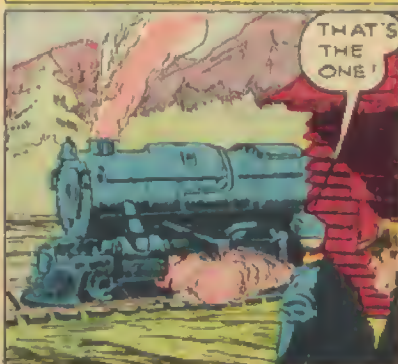


THIS TRIP TAKES FIVE DAYS I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME



THEY'LL BE READY FOR THE NAVY DEPARTMENT BY THE TIME I ARRIVE JUST A FEW MORE DETAILS

THE TRAIN PULLS TO A STOP AT A SMALL STATION



THAT'S THE ONE!



HURRY UP! WE GOTTA UN-COUPLE THIS CAR BEFORE THEY ALL START MOVIN'

AFTER PICKING UP PASSENGERS, THE OVERLAND LIMITED PREPARES TO LEAVE.



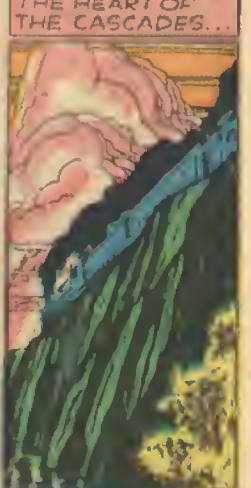
SPIN, OVERENGROSSED IN HIS WORK, DOES NOT NOTICE THAT HE IS LEFT BEHIND IN THE DETACHED COACH.



NOR DOES HE FEEL THE DIFFERENCE WHEN ANOTHER LOCOMOTIVE HITCHES ON TO HIS CAR.



THE LINE OF CARS PICKS UP SPEED IT HEADS TOWARD THE HEART OF THE CASCADES...



MEANWHILE, IN THE ONLY OTHER COACH.



SLUGGING HIM IS NO GOOD. THE PLANS AREN'T FINISHED YET AND HE'S MORE VALUABLE ALIVE!



QUIETLY A PISTOL BARREL IS PRESSED AGAINST SPIN'S SHOULDER.



OR WHAT, BUDDY?



NOW YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT GAME YOU'RE PLAYING!



SO, YOU WON'T TALK EH?



STOP THIS, CAPTAIN SHAW! YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE TRAIN RUMBLES TO A STOP AT A DESERTED ROUNDOUSE . . .



SPIN IS LOCKED IN A SMALL SHACK. FOR THREE DAYS HE SEES NO ONE. THEN . . .



ANGRILY HIS CAPTOR STUNS SHAW WITH THE BUTT END OF HIS REVOLVER . . .



SPIN FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS HE FALLS. HIS HAND CRASHES THROUGH A LOOSE WALL PANEL . . .



THE WHOLE WALL'S TOTTERING! I CAN GET OUT IN A MINUTE!



BUT I WON'T! I'LL STICK AROUND TO MEET THE BIG BOSS!



THE DRONE OF HEAVY MOTORS FILLS THE AIR. A PLANE HEADS FOR A MAKESHIFT LANDING FIELD NEARBY . . .



THE BOSS, IN FLYING GARB, ENTERS. PILOT, EH? AND YOU'RE STUBBORN, TOO!



COME ON IN, BIG BOSS! I'VE BEEN WAITING TO MEET YOU!



QUICKLY REGAINING HIS FEET, THE BOSS SPRINGS VICIOUSLY FOR SPIN . . .

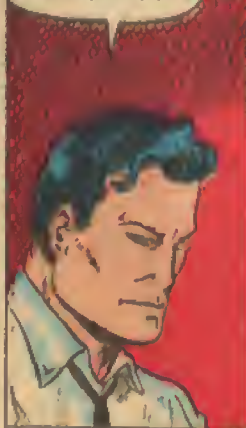




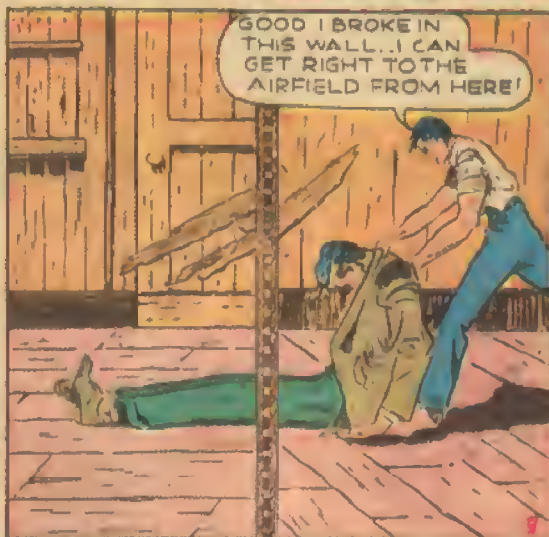
SHOVED OVER BACKWARDS, THE BOSS BANGS HIS HEAD AGAINST A TABLE.



NOW I'LL HAVE TO DRAG HIM TO A PLANE.. HOPE HE HAS FUEL ENOUGH



GOOD I BROKE IN THIS WALL.. I CAN GET RIGHT TO THE AIRFIELD FROM HERE!



HALF DRAGGING, HALF CARRYING HIS BURDEN, SPIN REACHES A NEAT LITTLE SHIP. HE GUNS THE MOTOR FOR A TAKE-OFF...



EASY FLIER, THIS SHIP.. I MUST SAY HE CAN PICK A GOOD PLANE!



BUT GUARDS ARE DRAWN TO THE SCENE...



IMMEDIATELY, TWO PURSUIT SHIPS PREPARE TO FOLLOW SPIN...



AT FULL SPEED THE PURSUING SHIPS TAIL AFTER SPIN.



BUT HE SPOTS THEM...



TAKING THE INITIATIVE, SPIN PULLS INTO A FAST DIVE.



JUST IN TIME TO INTERCEPT THE FIRST PURSUER COMING UP...



HIS MACHINE GUN SPITS A STEADY HAIL OF LEAD...



THE SHIP CAREENS DIZZILY, BURSTING INTO FLAMES IT CRASHES.



WITH A QUICK MANEUVER SPIN SHAW REVERSES THEIR POSITIONS.



MEANWHILE THE LEADER OF THE GANG 'COMES TO'.



LATER, IN WASHINGTON...



More of Spin Shaw in the May issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale March 26th.

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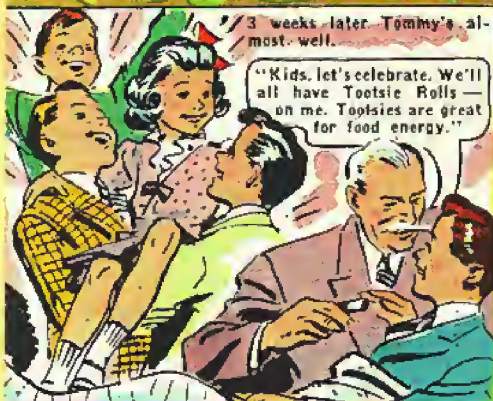
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